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# OLD POOR ROBIN. An ALMANACK.

COMPOSED

(According to the most modern Mode of Composition)

ON

A Variety of Subjects, both Ancient and Modern,

And for the Reader's further Entertainment,

Part in Prose,	Part Contemplative;
Part in Verse;	Part Serious,
Part Narrative,	Part Comic,

FOR THE

Entertainment and Improvement of the human Mind,  
and adapted to the meanest Capacity.

BEING

A new improved Edition of a very old  
EPHEMERIS, for the Year of our Lord 1784.  
Being the One Hundred and Twenty second Edition;  
also Bissextile or Leap Year,  
And the Thirty-second Year of the New Style in Great Britain.

Written by POOR ROBIN, Knight  
of the Island, and a Well-Wisher to the MATHEMATICIAN

Of Pamphlets of Old, and of Almanacks new,  
Experience tells us how soon they expire;  
Yet the Fates have ordain'd it that ROBIN shall last  
While Wise Men shall read, or while Fools can admire.

Yet of all his kind Customers, near or afar, none  
He hopes (for his Works, when they lovingly call,)  
Will buy the Poor Robin that's published by CARNON,  
But honest OLD ROBIN of Stationer's Hall.

L O N D O N.

Printed for the Company of STATIONERS:  
And sold by JOHN WILKIE at their Hall in Ludgate-Street,  
1784. [Price gd. stitched.]

Ephemeras. k.

*Which, if well minded, are worth more than all this invaluable Ephemeris.*

PAY your Duty to God nor his Worship forsake,  
 And maturely reflect ere you aught undertake.  
 On your own happy Talents presume not too much,  
 Prize the Honest, and let your Companions be such.  
 Conform in your Ways to the Thoughts of the Wife,  
 And when wrong, give it up without any Disguise.  
 That Attention you give to Instruction is fit.  
 'Tis a dangerous Thing to affect too much Wit.  
 So no Man entertain with what's out of his Sphere,  
 But in all your Discourse be for ever sincere ;  
 Your Word as your Life keep from all Violation,  
 And for ever join Promise with Consideration.  
 By Friendliness, Sweetness, and Complaisance show  
 You're to all Men a Friend, then who can be your Foe ?  
 Though not too familiar, still easy your Air,  
 And ere duly weigh'd to decide you must fear.  
 Without Weakness forgive with disinterested Face.  
 To the Great be submissive without being base.  
 Each good Man your Friend then endeavour to make,  
 Nor Sureties, nor Law-suits by choice undertake.  
 In others Affairs not inquisitive grown,  
 And without Affectation be still in your own.  
 When its needful to lend, with a good Grace pray do it,  
 And when to reward, go as liberally to it.  
 And in whatever Habit, or Fashion, or Dress,  
 Forget not yourself, and beware of Excess.  
 Compassionate ever the Slips of another,  
 Support his Defaults, and be true as a Brother ;  
 Thus Troubles furmount, where the Spirit would faint,  
 And suffer them not your good Humour to taint.  
 Where Discord has reign'd, make fair Peace to be known,  
 And avenge not yourself but by Benefits shown.  
 Without Sharpness blame, without Flattery praise,  
 Submit to be laugh'd at, but don't Laughter raise.  
 Give Credit to each in his own Occupation,  
 Affect not to criticise thro' Ostentation.  
 Reproach not your Fellows with Benefits done,  
 But keep them as secret as Faults of your own.  
 Prevent the sad Need of an unhappy Friend,  
 Be generous . . . But waste will in Misery end.  
 Be mindful of Kindness, Ingratitude shun.  
 Play . . . but for Refreshment when Business is done.  
 Speak little, think much, and no Person deceive,  
 If you do . . . pray expect to receive as you give.  
 Then play not the Tyrant when poor Men are bending.  
 Against Laws of good Manners beware of offending.—

# P R E F A C E. 3

WITH a merry Heart and a chearful Countenance sat I down to write this present Preface.—My near Neighbour, Benjamin Barter, Quaker and Cheesemonger, has thus advised me.—Friend—said he—mind in thy Writings that nothing loose or prophane shall curdle upon the Stomach of thy righteous Readers.

Leave the old Milk Productions of Merriment to the Swine of Sensuality, and see that thy Compositions are made of the Cream of Sincerity.—So shall thy Book be read with delightful Improvement; and verily thou shalt profit thereby.

What, said I, do you think any body will give me Tencence for it?

P'shaw, says Nathan Neverpleas'd; Nailor and News-monger—Write against Government:—that is the Way to be advanced.

Yes, said I, to a Pillory—but, by your Worship's leave, I will just write as I please.

I will write somewhat that shall promote Laughter.

I had dipped my Pen into the Ink-stand: pluck'd it away again, and taken a Hair out of it when—Good Heavens; what a precarious World we live in. Here stood this poor Head upon these two old Shoulders, like a Cracker by the Side of a Bit of burning Touch-wood ready to fire away with Fun. When, lo! a Death-Bell tolling, took my Attention away from my Subject.

Go Love, said I to my dear Lady (who then stood skinning a Flea at the Door) see who that Bell is for—she went—she returned with a sorrowful Tale indeed.

Your old Friend, said she, Mr. Swillit, as he sat in the Arbour, said to his Wife

Oh! I'm quite parch'd,  
Dry is this Lump of Clay:  
Then let me drink  
And moisten while I may.

She brought him a Bottle—he uncorked it, and immediately dropped down in an Apoplectick Fit with a full Glass in his Hand.

Good Heavens, what Tidings were these.—Away flew Fun and Frolic.—And away flew Foolishness, all but what my Wife retained; while moping Melancholy and deep Seriousness took Possession of my Soul.—Gracious Powers, said I, what a Change; sudden and unexpected; awful and alarming.—Death to the de-

parting Saint, long prepared for the fatal Stroke; waiting with Resignation for the wish'd for Hour when holy Angels shall sing his Requiem; may appear a desired Visitor.—Yet Death, even there, seems but a grim Messenger upon a welcome Errand.—But, unprepared for that tremendous Moment; to be suddenly snatch'd from every fond Delight; to go we know not where, and live we know not how:—O my Dear 'tis horrible. Horrible indeed, said my dear Lady.—But I wish you would paint this Scene over again;—throw out some of your deepest Shades, and let us View it in a livelier Colouring, and a more pleasing Light.—I will endeavour, replied I.—I took up the Subject once more....I proceeded in this Manner:

Death is the common Lot of all.—Some were born to Wealth; some to want. I know that, said she.—Some (continued I) were born to Honour; others perhaps to Disgrace—but we are all born to die. Surely, then, as every Step we make through Life leads us to the silent Grave: it highly behoves us to make a due Preparation for a joyful Exit, our most important Business; nor vainly think that a few Death-Bed Tears will wash away all the Stains of a long polluted Life.

I would not here absolutely pronounce a Death Bed Repentance of none Effect; but I think it was well said of one of the Fathers of the primitive Church; when preaching upon the penitent Thief on the Cross, he said thus: We hear of one who was saved at the last Hour, that no one need despair; and of but one, that no other might presume.—The best Way to be prepared then against that important Hour, is always to carry a Conscience void of Offence, in a Heart that breathes Peace on Earth and good Will towards Men.

As to our dear departed Friend; certain it is, such was his Disposition, and all his Friends will witness that universal Love and sweet Content were ever the Inhabitants of his Breast, while Charity stretched forth his Hand, and Benevolence administer'd the Balm of Comfort to each sad Object around him.—I know that every Man has his Failings.—So do I, said my Wife. Yet even his very Failing leaned to the Side of Virtue and good Fellowship.—Perhaps he might be rather fonder than Prudence would advise of the exhilarating Glas.—Your Fault exactly, replied she.—Well, said I, he is gone: and the Poor have lost a Friend, and I a good Companion. But alack;—here I wanted Words.—My Wife who never wants any, supplied me.—All Flesh is Gras, said she.—Why thou dearest of all Creatures (replied I) that ever existed since Adam and Eve first brought Existence into Fashion; those are the very Words I wanted.—Yes, said I, enlarging upon the Idea:—All Flesh is Gras.—The Flesh of Man is common Gras.—That of Woman is Scurvy Gras.—Now, knowing how dear Scurvy Gras sells in Comparison with the other; I meant this as a Compliment.—My Wife took it otherwise, What, said she, you will be setting up for a Wit next;

next; but, beware you don't break for Want of Stock. I answered, alas! so far am I from pretending to Wit; that I am resolved this Moment to sit down and write a Sermon.

Nay, says she, you're Fool enough already, don't make yourself appear worse; besides, consider what showers of divine Nonsense, are daily poured upon us by the extempore Sermonizers of the present Age.

The Butcher knocks down Iniquity like an Ox; and Unbelief like a fatted Calf, extends his Mutton Fist over the Congregation of the Elect, and sprinkles them all with the Blood of the Lamb.—The Baker cuts away the Crust of the old Leaven, and kneads the Soul up again into the Dough of Regeneration; Bakes it in the sanctifying Oven of the Spirit, and makes it Bread fit for the New Jerusalem.—The Gardener, prays that the Saints may spring up like Mushrooms; flourish like a Plat of promising Peas, and Grow like a good Crop of Potatoes; and while their Affections to Things on Earth are as cool as a Cucumber, their Faith may be strong as an Onion. He plants; his Wife Waters, and they both wait for an Increase.

The Joiner, with the Hammer of the Spirit, knocks the Nail of Contrition into Hearts as hard as an Oak Board. He planes off the Knots and Knobs from the troubled Mind, while he makes it smooth by his alluring Speeches, and thus skrews himself into the Affections of his gaping Audience.

The Cobler pricks them with the Awl of Conviction; straps them with Gospel Threatnings, makes them new Souls, and softens their over Leathers with the Oil of saving Grace; while the fly Taylor measures out to his sanctified Females, Crumbs of Comfort by the Yard.

### *O Tempora! O Mores!*

Alas! to think that we should live to see the Day, when the Flowers of our two Universities shall be neglected for Creatures like these.

I was thunderstruck.—Celestial Powers (thought I to myself) what a Plague have you done at my Wife; for really I thought the Woman was inspired.—Well, said I, you have cured me of Sermon making—however, all Flesh is Grass, and what has happened in the Family of my beloved Friend, will e're long, happen in my own,—you and I only wed to the Tune of till Death us doth part; and whenever the Fiddle-String breaks, the Dance is instantly over. I wish we may finish it with a good Grace, and go off with Applause; and whenever this Discourse of ours shall appear to the Eye of the Public; may every Reader pick out of it whatever shall appear for his Profit, and may the Rest be forgotten as we shall.

Your loving Friend Poor Robin.

A Chro-

## A Chronological Account of remarkable Occurrences.

		Years.
T	HE Creation of the World	588
	The general Deluge, or <i>Noab's Flood</i>	4135
	The Birth of <i>Abraham</i>	3783
	The Foundation of <i>Solomon's Temple</i>	2799
	The Babylonish Captivity	2491
	The Birth of our blessed Lord and Saviour <i>Jesus Christ</i>	1783
	His Passion, glorious Resurrection	1751
	The beginning of the Ten Persecutions by <i>Nero</i>	1712
	The Tower of <i>LONDON</i> built	1215
	<i>Cambridge</i> made an University	1139
	<i>Oxford</i> made an University	913
	<i>William Duke of Normandy</i> conquered <i>England</i>	718
E	The Invention of <i>Guns</i>	406
	The Art of Printing first invented at <i>Harleim</i>	354
	A great Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof died 30578	182
C	The horrid Gunpowder Treason	179
	The Holy Bible new translated	177
	Plague in <i>London</i> , of which, and other Diseases died 54266	159
	<i>New England</i> planted	154
Z	King <i>Charles I.</i> beheaded	136
	King <i>Charles II.</i> restored	124
	Another Plague in <i>London</i> , whereof, &c. died near 100000	119
I	13200 Houses burnt in <i>London</i>	118
	A great Comet appeared in <i>December</i> and <i>January</i>	104
S	The great 13 Weeks Frost	100
	King <i>William III.</i> and Queen <i>Mary</i> crowned, <i>April</i> 11	95
	<i>England</i> and <i>Scotland</i> united	77
	<i>St. Paul's</i> in <i>London</i> finished	76
	Queen <i>Anne</i> died <i>August</i> 15; and King <i>George I.</i> began	70
	<i>Preston</i> Rebellion	69
	King <i>George I.</i> died <i>June</i> 11; and King <i>George II.</i> procl. 16	57
	A splendid Comet, seen from <i>Dec.</i> 23 to <i>Feb.</i> 20	41
	A Rebellion, when the Rebels came so far as <i>Derby</i>	39
	The Date and Calendar altered	38
	The Militia Act passed	26
	King <i>George II.</i> died <i>Oct.</i> 25; and King <i>GEORGE III.</i> began	24
	King <i>GEORGE III.</i> and Queen <i>CHARLOTTE</i> crowned <i>Sept.</i> 22	24
	Peace with <i>France</i> and <i>Spain</i>	20
	The <i>Swedes</i> forced to resign their Liberties to the King	21
	War commenced against <i>North America</i>	9
	The <i>Americans</i> declare themselves Independent States	8
	The <i>French</i> signed the first Treaty with the <i>American States</i>	10
	War against <i>France</i> commenced	6
	War was begun against <i>Spain</i>	5
	War against <i>Holland</i> commenced	4

<i>Names of Kings</i>	<i>Born A.D.</i>	<i>When they began to reign</i>	<i>Reigned Y. M.</i>	<i>Since their Reigns ended</i>	<i>Where buried</i>
William I.	1027	1066, Octob. 14	20 11	697, Septem.	1 Caen Nor.
William II.	1057	1087, Sept.	9 12	11684, August	2 Winchester
Henry I.	1068	1100, Aug.	2 35	4649, Decemb.	1 Reading
Stephen	1105	1135, Dec.	1 18	11630, Octob.	25 Faverham

## Saxon Line restored.

Henry II.	1133	1154, Octob. 25	34	8 595, July	6 Fountever
Richard I.	1156	1189, July	6 9	9 585, April	6 Fountever
John	1165	1199, April	6 17	6 568, October	19 Worcester
Henry III.	1207	1216, Octob. 19	56	1 512, Novem.	16 Westmin.
Edward I.	1239	1272, Nov.	16 34	8 477, July	7 Westmin.
Edward II.	1284	1307, July	7 19	7 457, January	25 Gloucest.
Edward III.	1312	1327, January	25 50	5 407, June	21 Westmin.
Richard II.	1366	1377, June	21 22	3 385, Septem.	29 Westmin.

## Lancaster Line.

Henry IV.	1367	1399, Sept.	29 13	6 371, March	20 Canterb.
Henry V.	1389	1413, March	20 9	5 362, August	31 Westm.
Henry VI.	1421	1422, August	31 38	6 323, March	4 Windsor

## York Line.

Edward IV.	1442	1461, March	4 22	1 301, April	9 Windsor
Edward V.	1471	1483, April	9 0	2 301, June	22 Unkno.
Richard III.	1443	1483, June	22 2	2 299, August	22 Leiceste.

## Families united.

Henry VII.	1456	1485, August	22 23	8 275, April	22 Westm.
Hen. VIII.	1492	1509, April	22 37	9 237, January	28 Windsor
Edward VI.	1537	1547, January	28 6	5 231, July	6 Westm.
Q. Mary	1516	1553, July	6 5	4 226, Novem.	17 Westm.
Q. Elisab.	1533	1558, Nov.	17 44	4 181, March	24 Westm.

## Crowns united.

James I.	1566	1603, March	24 22	0 159, March	27 Westm.
Charles I.	1600	1625, March	27 23	10 135, January	30 Windsor
Charles II.	1630	1649, January	30 36	0 99, February	6 Westm.
James II.	1633	1685, Feb.	6 4	0 95, February	13 S. Gerim
Will. III.	1650	1689, Feb.	13 13	1 82, March	8 Westm.
Q. Anne	1665	1702, March	8 12	5 70, August	1 Westm.
George I.	1660	1714, August	1 12	10 57, June	31 Hanover
George II.	1683	1727, June	11 33	4 24, Octob.	25 Westm.
George III.	1738	1760, Oct.	25	Crowned Sept. 22, 1761.	

Although the holy writ declares  
 Kings are by God appointed ;  
 There's scarce a rascal lives but dares  
 Affront the Lord's anointed.

JANUARY has xxxi Days P. Rob. 1784

M | O Decl.  
D | South

Full Moon	7	Day at	1 Hours, 52 M. P. M.	123°	Im
Last Quarter	15		4 Hours, 34 M. P.M.	622	31
New Moon	22		9 Hours 48 M. Morn	1121	49
First Quarter	29		5 Hours 49 M. Morn.	1620	57
Z	O	Σ	Ω enters 26 Day 7 Ho. 36 Min. Morn.	2119	54
S	S	Ω		2618	43

1	21	T	Circumcision.	An exact Inv. of P. R.'s Wardrobe.
2	22	F		Imprimis then an old slouch'd Hat,
3	23	S		If thin of Fur, yet thick with Fat;
4	24	D	2 Sun. aft. Christ.	A Wig, with what you please to hun-
5	25	M	Old Christ. day	on't
6	26	T	Epiphany.	I'm sure can never hurt a Curl on't.
7	27	W		A Neck-cloth half a Yard; no longer;
8	28	T	Lucian.	And he who'd hang'd has much a
9	29	F		stronger:
10	30	S		My Coat I own's not very clever;
11	31	D	1 S. aft. Epiph.	I'll call it half a Coat, however, [one;
12	Ja	M	Plow Monday	My Waistcoat, then you'll say's a brave
13	2	T	Cam. T. beg. Hil.	Old new Years Day.
14	3	W	Oxf. Term. beg.	Why that l'll tell you when I have one.
15	4	T		Next comes my Shirt; and here 'tis true
16	5	F		The Neck and Wristbands stand in
17	6	S		View,
18	7	D	2 S. aft. Epiph.	A goodly Sight; only the latter's
19	8	M	Q.C.b. day kept	A little given to Rags and Tatters:
20	9	T	Fabian	Prisca.
21	10	W	Agnes	And next, to show how little's scanting
22	11	T	Vincent	There's only yet the Body wanting.
23	12	F	Term begins	To make Things up, next come my
24	13	S	Cov. St. Paul	Breeches,
25	14	D	3 S. aft. Epiph.	And they're not overdone with Stitches.
26	15	M		How'e'er I but two Holes can find;
27	16	T	Pr. A. Fred. born	That's one before and one behind.
28	17	W		Hose I've two Pair though not com-
29	18	T		plete,
30	19	F	K. C. H. A. I. Mart	[Feet.
31	20	S		'Cause one wants Legs; the other

## No. 122. Observations in JANUARY.

M	Clock
D	bef. Sun.

Now my good Friends, God grant no Lack  
Of Puddings white, and Puddings black : .  
And you with whom they don't agree  
Pray, pack them up, and send them me,

14m	0"
6	17
11	22
16	13
21	46
26	1

M.	D	D
D.	ri. & set	viii. iii.
		age

1	2m.	3	5	55	10	Jupiters E-
2	3	20	4	56	11	clipes are
3	4	38	4	56	12	not visible
4	5	51	3	57	13	Jupiter being
5	6	57	2	58	14	so near the
6	7	51	1	59	15	Sun.
7	D	rifles	vii. iv.	10		
8	4	A	14	0	0	Midas.
9	6	0	59	1	18	H. Pew.
10	7	11	58	2	19	Nicholas
11	8	22	57	3	20	Ragged
12	9	23	56	4	21	Ralph.
13	10	46	54	6	22	
14	morn	53	7	23		Your Health
15	0	0	52	8	24	to hold, and
16	1	18	51	9	25	drive out
17	2	39	50	10	26	Cold:
18	4	8	48	12	27	Stir the Buck
19	5	33	47	13	28	et quick a-
20	6	44	46	14	29	about; Freely
21	7	38	44	16	N	suck it till its
22	D	sets	43	17	2	out.
23	5	A.	4	19	3	
24	7	26	40	20	4	Mat. Mug.
25	8	52	38	22	5	Jane Jog
26	10	12	37	23	6	Ralph
27	11	35	35	25	7	Rusty.
28	morn	34	26	8		
29	0	58	32	28	9	
30	2	17	31	29	10	Fanatic's
31	3	32	29	31	11	Feast.

When a Man sets out into the Literary World, alas! what signify all the private Anecdotes you can procure about him.—As far as it concerns the Public, his own Works are his best Credentials if good; if otherwise, he needs no further Accusers.

And yet, such is the idle Curiosity of a busy World, that it is not sufficient that these bespeak the Man; but even his private Character like a Horse upon Sale must be draged out to public View.

In Conformity to the reigning Mode, the Author of the Performance here presents the Public with the following Picture of himself, as he finds it delineated in an Epistle from Philander to Eugenius, wherein he writes thus:

Your old Acquaintance, Sir Robert, says he, has I fear more Whim than Virtue in him, if not the Wildness of his Head often eclipses the Goodness of his Heart. He neither thinks nor speaks like other Men. A merry Tale, with a Soliloquy of his at the End of it, dies away in a Sigh; while a serious one concluded with his Observations flashes off in a Fit of Laughter.—In short, he is a deep Moralist in Nonsense; and a Merry Andrew in Divinity.

## FEBRUARY hath xx' x Days

M	○ Dec.
D	South.

Full Moon	6	Day at	9 Hours, 19 M. Morn.	1	17	6
Last Quarter	14		5 Hours, 19 M. Morn.	6	15	37
New Moon	20		8 Hours, 25 M. Aft.	11	14	1
First Quarter	27		10 Hours, 44 M. Aft.	16	12	20
○ enters ♡	18	Day 10 H. 24 m. Aft.		21	10	33
				26	8	40

1	21	D	4 S. aft. Epiph.			
2	22	M	Purif. B. V. M.			
3	23	T	Blaze			
4	24	W				
5	25	T	Agatha			
6	26	F				
7	27	S				
8	28	D	Septuagesima.			
9	9	M				
10	10	T				
11	11	W				
12	Fe	T	Hil. Term ends			
13	2	F	O. Candle. Day			
14	3	S	Valentine			
15	4	D	Sexagesima			
16	5	M				
17	6	T				
18	7	W	Mary Q. of Scots			
19	8	T	[beheaded]			
20	9	F				
21	0	S				
22	11	D	Quinquagesima			
23	12	M				
24	13	T	St. Matthias			
25	14	W	Ash Wednesday			
26	15	T				
27	16	F				
28	17	S				
29	18	D	1 Sun. in Lent.			

It is this Moment come into my Head, that some of my loving Readers may be ænigmatically inclined.—If so, I here present them with a very easy one of the serious kind.

## ENIGMA.

Talk no more of Wealth or Glory  
Princes proud; since all must be,  
Like the Sons of Fame before ye  
Laid in Dust and sunk in me.

Historians o'er the Midnight Taper  
Shall in vain your Deeds relate;  
In vain the Bard shall waste his Paper,  
As is their's, shall be your Fate

Tow'rs or Tombs to 'endure for ever  
Build; yet Time will make them fall;  
And in Spite of your Endeavour,  
I at last shall bury all.

Answer, Oblivion.

Jupiter is a Morning Star, from  
Feb. 3, to Aug. 25, then an Evening  
Star.

Ir. Ad. Fred. b. Shrove Tuesday

Venus is a Morning Star, till some-  
where between the 7th and 9th of  
August, and then an Evening one, till  
— You shall know the rest next Year.

## Observations in FEBRUARY.

M	Clock	
D	bef.	○
1	14'	3 <sup>11</sup>
6	14	3 <sup>1</sup>
11	14	39
16	14	29
21	14	1
26	13	16

Now Molly wakes and finds in Bed  
A frosty Morn ; scratches her Head,  
Then makes her Water ; says her Pray'rs,  
Garters her Hose, and slips down Stairs.

1	4m.	41	27	33	12	Jupiters Sat-
2	;	39	26	34	13	ellites not
3	6	22	24	36	14	visible till
4	6	53	22	38	15	March.
5	7	16	20	40	16	—
6	D	rif.	19	41	17	Tim Guz-
7	6	A	17	43	18	zle.
8	7	18	15	45	19	Tom
9	8	29	13	47	20	Tempest
10	9	44	11	49	21	—
11	11	09	51	22	Griffin was	
12	morn	8	52	23	a drunken	
13	0	20	6	54	24	Sot,
14	1	45	4	56	25	And limping
15	3	20	2	58	26	Ralph his
16	4	23	vii. v.	27	Brother.	
17	5	23	58	2	A wooden	
18	6	5	56	4	Leg the one	
19	6	35	55	5	had got, A	
20	D	sets	53	7	wooden Head	
21	6	A	16	9	the other.	
22	7	42	49	11	—	
23	9	10	47	13	Jane	
24	10	29	45	15	Otter.	
25	11	57	43	17	Giles.	
26	morn.	41	19	7		
27	1	18	39	21		
28	2	31	37	23		
29	3	34	35	25		

*Ne Sutor ultra Crepidam.*  
Happy would it be for the  
World, would every one content  
himself with his own Concerns ;  
and much Folly it is to neglect  
the private Affairs of a Family  
for the public ones of the Nation ;  
little considering into what small  
Limits our narrow Sphere is con-  
tracted, and that a Barber may be  
an old Dog at a Perriwig, and  
yet a mere Puppy in Politics.

I was led into the above Re-  
flections by the Minutes of a  
*Quid Nunc* Society who met three  
Times a Week about two Years  
ago, to see how matters went on  
above, and settle Affairs to their  
own Liking. At one of their De-  
bates, the following Order of the  
Night written by a Leather A-  
pron'd Secretary from the Dic-  
tates of an Hibernian President  
was concluded upon *nem. con.*

Let Bright Town make Peas  
with a merry Key, before the  
Sun shall next pass the AquaNoxi-  
ous Line. Which if we do ; we  
may defy France and Spain and  
the Seven united Prodences. But  
if not : a merry Key, will soon be  
fruitful in Famines, and Bright  
Town unanimous in Dissentions.

Signed by un any mouse con-  
sent of the whole Soule I ety.

## MARCH hath xxxi Days.

			M	D	○ Decl.
					South
Full Moon the	7		3 Hours 35 M. Morn.	7	12
Last Quarter the	14	Day	2 Houre 40 M. Aft.	6	17
New Moon the	21	at	7 Hours 13 M. Morn.	11	20
First Quarter the	28		5 Hours 23 M. Aft.	16	21
○ enters	Y 19	Day 10 Ho. 46'. Aft.		21	North
				26	34

1	19	M	David
2	20	T	Cbad
3	21	W	Ember Week
4	22	T	
5	23	F	
6	24	S	
7	25	C	2 Sun. in Lent.
8	26	M	E. of E. S. b. 16+1
9	27	T	
10	28	W	
11	29	T	
12	M	F	Gregory.
13	2	S	
14	3	C	3 Sun. in Lent.
15	4	M	
16	5	T	
17	6	W	St. Patrick
18	7	T	Ed. K. West Sax.
19	8	F	
20	9	S	Equ. D. and N.
21	10	C	Midlent Sunday
22	11	M	
23	12	T	
24	13	W	Lady Day
25	14	T	
26	15	F	
27	16	S	
28	17	C	5 Sun. in Lent
29	18	M	
30	19	T	
31	20	W	

THE RESOLVE.  
 Riches are Baubles of an Hour;  
 And Beauty but a fading Flow'r.  
 Old Grioe is dead and left his Heir,  
 Full Fifteen Hundred Pounds a Year,  
 From Debts and Mortgages quit free.  
 Well; pray, now, what's that all to me.  
 Perpetua.  
 To me, who have no other Ends  
 Than just to please myself and Friends,  
 It matters not a Pinch of Snuff:  
 Lo I'm alive and that's enough.  
 And yet pale Death some few Days  
 hence,  
 May call me from the present Tense,  
 To some remote and distant Shore,  
 Known but to them who're gone be-  
 fore. [dug up]  
 And (shame to tell.) good Earth be  
 To wrap my stinking Careass snug up.  
 Whatthen?—why what the Gods de-  
 creed,  
 The Gods will do in Spite of me.  
 So I'll put on no solemn Face,  
 Benedic.  
 But take my Turn with manly Grace.  
 'Till then with what kind Heav'n  
 shall give  
 Let me be happy while I live;  
 And thankfully the same enjoy, [ploy].  
 While mirth and Love my Hours em-  
 So when shall come the fatal Day,  
 My fleeting Soui shall parting say  
 I owe you nought; so farewell  
 CLAY

## Observations in MARCH.

Clock	
bef. ☽	
1	12'
6	22
11	3
16	37
21	7
26	34

Now March comes on, good Folks prepare  
 Your Vessels all, and brew your Beer;  
 But, pray, avoid the horrid Fault  
 Of putting in too little Malt.

1	4	m	24	33	27	11	The Welch-	In every scene of Life, some Acid
2	4		56	31	29	12	man now be-	is thrown into the Cup of Pleasure;
3	5		25	29	31	13	gins to boast,	some bitter poison on every sweet; nor
4	5		43	27	33	14	Andreat St.	is even Devotion without its Dis-
5	5		57	25	35	15	Tavit is hur-	tractions.—As a Proof of the above
6	6		9	23	37	16	Toast.	take the following Story :
7	D	rif.	21	39	17		—	—
8	7	A.	37	19	41	18	Hobson.	It was on a Saturday Night in
9	8		5	17	43	19	Jumbo.	March 1780, Deborah, who was a
10	10		10	14	15	45	Moll	very honest woman, one who lived
11	11		34	13	47	21	Smack.	as Nature directs, and Conscience
12	morn.		11	49	22		Dull Dick	uninfluenced by Habit dictates,
13	0		59	9	51	23	—	and kept a little Pot-house in a small
14	2		17	7	53	24	—	Village, had Company come in,
15	3		21	5	55	25	—	who drunk deep, tell out, and de-
16	4		7	3	57	26	'Tis Lent,	molished all her Measures over one
17	4		41	1	59	27	says Ralph	another's Heads. On Sunday, De-
18	5		3	v.	v1	28	with empty	borah, with her old Quarto Bible
19	5		20	57	3	29	Mug,	and Prayer-book under her Arm,
20	5		40	55	5		Now is the	went to Church and joined the
21	D	sess	53	7	2		Time for	Prayers very devoutly; but when
22	8	A.	10	51	9	3	Sorrow;	Sermon begun, Drowsiness closed
23	9		36	49	11	4	Stay, stay,	her Eyes. The Holy Man, exclaim-
24	11		1	47	13	5	says Ned	ing against the Profligacy of the
25	morn.		46	14	6		with well	present Age, used this Expression—
26	0		20	44	16	7	fill'd Jug,	For the Sins of the People the Earth
27	1		28	42	18	8	Put Lent off	mourneth, and Plagues consume a
28	2		25	40	20	9	till To-mor-	guilty World.—Deborah, who at
29	3		6	38	22	10	row.	this Time was taking a small Nap,
30	3		34	36	24	11	Blind Bess	and dreaming over her last Night's
31	3		57	34	26	12	Black Bob	Disasters just as the above Sentence
								was repeating, bounce goes the
								Quarto upon the Ground; when
								starting with Surprize—Why and a
								Plague consume you all, said Debo-
								rah, there is another Quoit Mug
								broke; and which of all you
								Scoundrels will pay for it.

## APRIL hath XXX Days.

M | O Dec.  
D | North.

Full Moon 5  
Last Quarter 12 } Day { 7 Hours 7 Min. Aft.  
New Moon 19 } at { 9 32 Aft.  
First Quarter 27 } 0 6 15 Aft.  
0 27 Aft.

○ enters ♈ 19 Day, 11 H. 30 M. Mōrn.

1 4 54  
6 6 48  
11 8 39  
16 10 27  
21 12 10  
26 13 48

1	21	T	
2	22	F	Cam. T. ends.
3	23	S	Oxf. T. ends.
4	24	C	Palm Sunday
5	25	M	
6	26	T	
7	27	W	
8	28	T	
9	29	F	Good Friday
10	30	S	
11	31	C	Easter Day
12	ap	M	Easter Monday.
13	2	T	Easter Tuesday
14	3	W	
15	4	T	
16	5	F	
17	6	S	
18	7	C	Low Sunday,
19	8	M	Alphege.
20	9	T	
21	10	W	O. & Cam. T. be.
22	11	T	
23	12	F	St. George.
24	13	S	
25	14	C	2 Sun. aft. Easter
26	15	M	
27	16	T	
28	17	W	Term begins.
29	18	T	
30	19	F	

## POOR ROBIN's STUDY.

Richard.  
St. Ambrose.

A Student's Letter to his Brother,  
A Spur and almost half another ;  
John Bunyan's Life, that great Divine,  
And near three Yards of Holland Twine  
Three Drolls in Manuscript for Punch,  
More's Almanack, and Mother Bunch ;  
A Bible scarcely worth your finding,  
For all is gone except the Binding ;  
A Cribbage-board, Poems of Wards,  
A P-sspot, and a Pack of Cards ;  
The Works of Virgil, Ovid, Lucan,  
Which some can't read, but may be you  
can ;

[Prayer,  
There's my Wife's Book of Common  
And that's but little worse for Wear ;  
A Quarto, once a Book of Note,  
By Obadiah Sedgwick wrote,  
Which whosoever read with sound  
Heads, [Round Heads ;  
Will bless the Church and curse the  
The Fairy Tales, a Score of Bobbins,  
The sevenwise Masters, five Poor Robins

St. Mark. Prs. Mary born.

The Siege of Troy, and Life of Priam,  
A broken Jug as old as I am ;  
A Bunch of Keys with ne'er a Lock,  
And that compleats Poor Robin's Stock.

## Observations in APRIL

M	Clock
D	bef. ○
1	3' 43"
6	2 13
11	0 49
16	After
21	1 33
26	2 28

March :—march along. See April bring  
Fruitful Show'rs, and welcome Spring :  
Laughing Meads, with Flowers gay ;  
Blustering March, go march away.

1	4	M	11	32	28	13	All. Fools
2	4	24	30	30	14	—	Day
3	4	41	28	32	15	—	—
4	4	52	26	34	16	—	—
5	D	rise	24	36	17	—	—
6	8	A.	5	22	38	18	And much
7	9	30	20	40	19	—	I fear it will
8	10	53	18	42	20	—	appear that
9	morn	16	44	21	—	—	All Fool's
10	0	14	14	46	22	—	Day lasts all
11	1	24	12	48	23	—	the Year.
12	2	15	10	50	24	Xantippe	—
13	2	52	8	52	25	Tom	—
14	3	15	6	54	26	Trout	—
15	3	35	5	55	27	Lanka-	—
16	3	51	3	57	28	down	—
17	4	7	IV	V	29	Devil of	—
18	4	20	59	1	30	Mascon.	—
19	D	sets	57	3	N	—	—
20	8	at	39	55	5	2	Let those
21	10	1	53	7	3	—	that please
22	11	16	51	9	4	—	call Names
23	morn	50	10	5	—	—	and quarrel,
24	0	17	48	12	6	—	There's
25	1	6	46	14	7	—	nought like
26	1	41	44	16	8	—	Peace and a
27	2	4	42	18	9	—	full Barel.
28	2	23	41	19	10	—	—
29	2	37	39	21	11	Old Red.	—
30	2	50	37	23	12	True Blue	—

That my Diary may not be destitute of Prognostications; for the Amusement of those who are studious in Astrology, I dedicate this Page and the next to that Purpose.

Sol, resplendent God of Day, ere he quits the celestial Aries, generally stops to make Water; and this warm refreshing Stream separating into Drops as it falls through the circumambient Atmosphere, forms what the Vulgar call April Showers, refreshing the Earth, and productive of future Plenty.

Venus squinting at him (during the Operation) through a bright Cloud with little lucid Cavities in it, which first gave the Idea of Ladies Fans pricked full of Pinholes, impers secret Satisfaction; and at the same Time shedding her all-commanding Influence upon her fair Votaries here below, creates soft sympathetic Feelings, warm Wishes, and strong Desires in the tender Heart, till Procreation in Point of Practice prevails over every other Article of a Woman's Creed.

Thus you have the whole Affair Astrologically, Mythologically, and Philosophically accounted for.

## MAY hath xxxi Days.

M	O	Decl.
D	North.	

Full Moon the 5	6	H. 17 M. Morn.	1	15°	21
Last Quarter the 12	3	3 Morn.	6	16	47
New Moon the 19	5	48 Morn.	11	18	7
First Quarter the 27	6	32 Morn.	16	19	18
○ enters II 23d Day 9 Ho. 46 M. Morn.			21	20	22
			26	21	17

1 20	S	St. Phil. & Jac.	PHOEBE's SOLILOQUY.		
2 21	Q	3d Su. aft. East.	I wish I was as I was once,		
3 22	M	Inv. of the Cross.	I think I'm turning mad, or Dunc;		
4 23	T		I feel myse.' I don't know how,		
5 24	W		And have done ever since the Sow		
6 25	T	St. John, A.P.L.	I took to the Brawa. Methinks I see—		
7 26	F		But what's the Sow and Brawn to me:		
8 27	S		And yet I feel I don't know how,		
9 28	E	4 Sun. aft. Ea.	I think o'th' Bawn, and smile at th'Sow.		
10 29	M		Next, my Dame took it in her Skull		
11 30	T		To send poor me with th' Cow to Bull;		
12 M	W		The Bull—Butch! I hate such Stuff—		
13 2	T		The Cow's with Calf and that's enough.		
14 3	F				
15 4	S				
16 5	Q	Rogation Sund.	And now the Lads and Lasses say		
17 6	M		The Bells do welcome in the May;		
18 7	T		And they this Night in Pair advance,		
19 8	W	Q. Charlotte b.	And I must go and join the Dance.		
20 9	T	Holy Thursday	Dunstan.		
21 10	F	All Day			
22 11	S	Prs. Eliz. born	Goodness! I'm out of Spirits quite;		
23 12	C	6 Sun. aft. Ea.	Pray, Roger, don't you come to Night.		
24 13	M	Term ends till	Well, leſt Affairs should be miscarried,		
25 14	T	24th July	I'm now resolv'd I will be married:		
26 15	W	Augustine	'Tis the best Way; we may depend on't		
27 16	T	Oxf. Term ends.	Wedlock's the Thing—lo there's an		
28 17	F		End on't.		
29 18	S	K. Cha. II. rest.	Venerable Beae.		
30 19	C	Whitsunday			
31 20	M	Whitmonday	Nor will I—(But I'll say no more)		
			Or live a Maid, or die a Whore.		

Observations in MAY.							M	D	Clock aft.	C
							1		3	12
Blouzabella	Queen of May;						6		3	42
Blouzabella	blithe and gay.						11		3	57
Sweet and charming Blouzabella							16		3	58
Sure on Earth has not her fellow.							21		3	44
							26		3	18
1 3 m 2 35	25 13									
2 3 13 34	26 14									
3 3 22 32	28 15	Peter Peg								
4 3 33 30	30 16	Matt Mug								
5 D rises 28	32 17	Sly Sam.								
6 10 a 3 27	33 18									
7 11 17 25	35 19									
8 morn 23	37 20									
9 0 5 22	38 21	Youths the								
10 0 58 20	40 22	Season made								
11 1 24 19	41 23	for Joy								
12 1 43 17	43 24	Now come								
13 2 0 16	44 25	forth my jol-								
14 2 14 14	46 26	ly Boy.								
15 2 25 13	47 27	Sprightly								
16 2 36 11	49 28	Lasses trim								
17 2 50 10	50 29	and gay,								
18 3 9 8	52 30	come and								
19 D sets. 7	53 N	hail the								
20 10 a 7 6	54 2	blooming								
21 11 1 4	56 3	May.								
22 11 38 3	57 4									
23 morn 2	58 5	Ralph								
24 0 6 III	VIII 6	Rattle.								
25 0 26 59	1 7	Francis								
26 0 42 58	2 8	Freak.								
27 0 57 57	3 9	Tantara-								
28 1 6 56	4 10	bobus.								
29 1 15 55	5 11									
30 1 25 54	6 12									
31 1 38 53	7 13									

## JUNE hath xxx Days.

				M	D	Dec.	North.
Full moon	3		4 hours 34 min. Aft.	1	22	11	
Last Quarter	10	Day	8 28 min. Morn.	6	22	45	
New moon	17	at	6 26 min. Aft.	11	23	10	
First Quarter	25		10 53 min. Aft.	16	23	24	
○ enters ☽ 20 day 8h 49 min. morn.				21	23	28	
				26	23	21	

1	21	Tu	Whit. Tuesday	A SUMMER'S HOLIDAY.			
2	22	W	Ember Week	Sol now darts his gladsome ray			
3	23	Th		O'er the beauteous landscape gay,			
4	24	F	King G. III. born	See the villagers advance,			
5	25	S	Pr. Ann. Aug. born	Hark the pipe to sprightly dance			
6	26	C	Trinity Sunday	Boniface.			
7	27	M		Calls the rural nymphs and swains;			
8	28	Tu		See them tripping o'er the plains,			
9	29	W	Ox. Term begins	Bringing with them all their wealth,			
10	30	Th	rs. Amelia born	Love, content and rosy health.			
11	31	F	S. Barnab. Trin. T.	Corpus Christi.			
12	June	S	[begins	Here along the chequer'd shade,			
13	2	C	1 Sun. aft. Trin.	See each lad and lovely maid.			
14	3	M		O'er the green sod lightly move,			
15	4	Tu		Mark the winged god of love			
16	5	W		Hov'ring round with gilded dart,			
17	6	Th	St. Alban	Gently strikes the lover's heart;			
18	7	F		Then breathes to fan the glowing			
19	8	S		[fire],			
20	9	C	2 Sun. aft. Trin.	The blast of hope and fond desire,			
21	10	M	Longest Day	Hence the tender heaving sighs;			
22	11	Tu		Side-long look, and wishful eyes,			
23	12	W		Tra. Edw. K. W. S.			
24	13	Th	St. John Baptist	That in a moment more will speak			
25	14	F		Than tongue can utter in a week:			
26	15	S		Innocence still mayst thou reign			
27	16	C	3 Sun aft. Trin.	Over this delightful plain,			
28	17	M		While wrinkled age with placid			
29	18	Tu	St. Peter	[smile]			
30	19	W	Term ends	Does the tedious hours beguile;			
				Acting o'er their former joys			
				In their lovely girls and boys.			

Observations in JUNE.				M	Clock aft. Sun.
				D	
Dorcas let my Head now rest				1	2 31
Sweetly on thy panting Breast ;				6	1 41
Breast that eases Lover's Pains,				11	0 43
Soft as Bag of new brew'd Grains.				16	beef
				21	1 24
				26	2 28

1	1 m 52	52	8	14	
2	2 14	51	9	15	
3	D rises.	50	10	16	Friar
4	10 a 3	49	11	17	Tuck.
5	10 49	49	11	18	Sal Argil.
6	11 22	48	12	19	—
7	11 46	47	12	20	It chances
8	morn	47	13	21	oft a Girl's
9	0 4	46	14	22	Delusion
10	0 18	46	14	23	ends in a
11	0 29	45	15	24	Family's
12	0 41	45	15	25	Cenfusion.
13	0 55	44	16	6	Bobbin
14	1 11	44	16	27	Joan.
15	1 31	44	16	28	Jack
16	2 2	43	17	29	Short.
17	D sets.	43	17	—	Hannah
18	9 a 34	43	17	1	Grog.
19	10 4	43	17	2	—
20	10 26	43	17	3	He who for
21	10 44	43	17	4	Whey leaves
22	10 57	43	17	5	Ale i'th'
23	11 8	43	17	6	Lurch ;
24	11 19	43	17	7	And robs a
25	11 28	43	17	8	Swine,
26	11 38	44	16	9	would rob a
27	11 52	44	16	10	Church.
28	morn	44	16	11	—
29	0 9	45	15	12	Bob Base.
30	0 36	45	15	13	

## MATRIMONY.

It has been often observed, that Wedlock is either a Heaven or a Hell npon Earth, according as Parties agree, or disagree. For my Part I take it to have a Spice of both. However to guard against the dire Effects of Discord take the following Tale.

A married Couple after several Disputes about Prerogative, agreed one Day as they sat by the Fire, that whoever ask'd the first Question, the other in future should be Master :—The Man's Name was Glump, his Wife's Name was Hump.—The Pot was on the Fire.—Hump, Hump, said he. Glump, Glump, said she; and so they let the Pot boil over.—Anon, a strange Dog seiz'd the Pig.—Glump, Glump, said she. Hump, Hump, replied he.—And so the Pig was w'iried.—Soon after a Blood of a Rake came into the House, and clasp-ing the Wife round the Waist, A Woman I want, said he, and a Woman I will have.

Not here tho', sa's her Husband ;—shall be Hump?

But you spoke first Glump, said she.—Who's Master now.

## JULY hath xxxi days.

M	D	○ Decl North.
---	---	------------------

Full Moon the	3	Day	○ Hours	6 min. morn.	1	23	4
Last quarter the	9			1 min. aft.	6	22	38
New Moon the	17			36 min. morn.	11	22	1
First quarter the	25			2 min. aft.	16	21	15
○ enters S. 22 day 7 h. 40 m. morn.					21	20	20
					26	19	1

1	20	1 <sup>h</sup>			The PROMISE.		
2	21	F	Visit. of B. V. M.		Let some sing of high church,		
3	22	S	Dog Days begin		And others of low church,		
4	23	C	4 Sun. aft. Trin.		Trans. of St. Mar.		
5	24	M			My subject on neither shall be;		
6	25	Tu	Camb. Commence		No, faith I know better,		
7	26	W			For I'll sing of no church,		
8	27	Th			As no church has yet sung of me.		
9	28	F	Cam. Te, ends.		Of women slack		
10	29	S	Oxford Act.		I sing not the clack,		
11	30	C	5 Sun. aft. Trin.		In your ear that's incessantly ringing;		
12	July	M			Nor sing I of drinking.		
13	2	Tu			Because to my thinking,		
14	3	W			I'd rather be drinking than singing.		
15	4	Th	Swithen				
16	5	F					
17	6	S	Oxford Term ends				
18	7	C	6 Sun. aft. Trin.				
19	8	M					
20	9	Tu	Margaret.				
21	10	W					
22	11	Th	Mary Magdalen				
23	12	F					
24	13	S					
25	14	C	7 Sun. aft. Trin.				
26	15	M	St. Ann. M.B.V.				
27	16	Tu					
28	17	W					
29	18	Th					
30	19	F					
31	20	S					

Felks in and folks out,  
I know nothing about,  
So I'll tell you my story in brief;  
Yes, and brief it must be,  
For now do you see  
I'm nearly the bottom o' th' leaf.

So I think it scarce fair  
This tale of mine here  
To begin when we're just upon part-  
But if I'm alive, [sing;  
In the year eighty-five,  
Why then I'll be ready for starting.

St. James.

## Observations in JULY.

M	D	Clock be. ☺
---	---	----------------

Now Nan and Dick, and Sue and Harry  
Poor Robin would advise to marry ;  
Then Dick and Harry, Sue and Nan  
May creep as close as e'er they can.

1	3	27
6	4	20
11	5	4
16	5	37
21	5	58
26	6	4

1	1 m 14	46	14	14	Ned	<i>Finis coronat Opus.</i>
2	2 12	46	14	15	Nuggin.	As I sat one Evening in August
3	D	rifes	47	13	16	last, smoking my solitary Pipe
4	9 a	45	47	13	17	in my Arbour; and contemplat-
5	0	5	48	12	18	ing the various Vicissitudes of
6	10	19	49	11	19	Fortune, the Follies, Disappoint-
7	10	31	50	10	20	ments, Troubles and uncertainty
8	0	44	50	10	21	of human Life; together with
9	10	53	51	9	22	the certainty of Death: I resolv-
10	11	11	52	8	23	ed to fix upon a Subject to con-
11	11	30	53	7	24	clude my yearly Observations
12	11	57	54	6	25	with, of such a Nature, that I
13	morn	55		5	26	might profit myself in the writ-
14	0	34	56	4	27	ing thereof, and my kind Cus-
15	1	24	57	3	28	tomers in the reading.
16	2	24	58	2	29	While I was revolving these
17	D	sets	59	1	N	Things in my Mind, up cam-
18	8 a	45	IV	VII	have a tum	my little Grandson Jacob, with
19	9	0	2	5	2	his Accident in his Hand.
20	9	12	3	57	3	Now Jacob, said I, wherea-
21	9	22	4	56	4	about are you in your Book?
22	9	30	6	54	5	Here, Grandfire, replied he,
23	9	41	7	53	6	pointing out to the auxiliary
24	9	52	8	52	7	Verb, Sum. I read as follows:
25	10	9	10	50	8	Sum.—Es.—Fui.
26	10	31	11	49	9	Well, Jacob, continued I, and
27	11	2	13	47	10	what is the English to that?
28	11	49	14	46	11	I am—Thou art—I have been.
29	morn	16		44	12	That is the English to it, said
30	0	57	17	43	13	the little bacon-fac'd Cherub.
31	2	24	19	41	14	True, Jacob, replied I; and
					15	in these three small Words I
						have an ample Subject, if I
						have but Grace and good Sense
						enough to manage it.

August hath xxxi Days.				M	D	Dec.	North.
Full Moon	1			7 Hours 11 Min. Morn.	1	17	50
Last Quarter	7			11 59 Min. Aft.	6	16	29
New Moon	16			0 18 Min. Morn.	11	15	2
First Quarter	23			11 9 Min. Aft.	16	13	29
Full Moon	30			2 51 Min. Aft.	21	11	51
○ enters 12 day 2h. 2m. 2s.				26	10		8
1	21	C	8 Sun. aft. Trin.	Lammas Day.			
2	22	M		An Essay at			
3	23	Tu		ENGLISH PASTORAL;			
4	24	W		attempted in the Measure of			
5	25	Th		STERNHOLD and HOPKINS.			
6	26	F	Transfiguration	Prs. born.			
7	27	S	Name of Jesus	Now crows hoarse croaking in their			
8	28	C	9 Sun. aft. Trin.	To distant woods did hie; [flight			
9	29	M		The lengthen'd shades proclaim'd the			
10	30	Tu	St. Laurence	And darksome was the sky. [night,			
11	31	W	Prs. Brunsw. born	Dog Days end.			
12	Aug.	Th	Pr. Wales born	Old Lammas Day.			
13	2	F		Save that the shepherd's ev'ning star			
14	3	S		Emits his friendly rays;			
15	4	C	10 Sun. aft. Trin.	Or lighted beacon from afar			
16	5	M	Pr. Fred. born.	Spreads forth his nightly blaze.			
17	6	Tu		And now comes forth the watchful			
18	7	W		In search of ev'ning prey; [cat,			
19	8	Th		And now the leather winged bat			
20	9	F		Flits o'er the plain his way.			
21	10	S	Pr. W. Hen. born	While sound of sweetly purling rill			
22	11	C	11 Sun. aft. Trin.	Unto the list'ning ear,			
23	12	M		Or ruder clack of distant mill			
24	13	Tu	St. Bartholomew	The gentle zephyrs bear.			
25	14	W		Dec. J. B.			
26	15	Th					
27	16	F					
28	17	S	St. Augustine				
29	18	C	12 Sun. aft. Trin.				
30	19	M					
31	20	T					

## Observations in AUGUST.

M	D	Clock aft. ☺
1		5 50
6		5 23
11		4 41
16		3 46
21		2 39
26		1 19

Now joyful Ceres spreads around,  
Her yellow mantle o'er the ground:  
Your scythes and sickles now porpare,  
Ceres now demands your care.

2	morn	20	40	16	Witch of	I filled my second pipe, and sent
3	o	43	22	38	17	Jacob to play. My wife came and
4	1	37	24	36	18	sat beside me. After musing for
5	2	28	25	35	19	some time, I think, my dear, said
6	3	17	27	33	20	I, my faculties, like my estate,
7	4	6	29	31	21	grow every year worse and worse.
8	5	55	30	30	22	True, said she, by way of comfort;
9	6	40	32	28	23	and your estate like your coat, is
10	7	38	34	26	24	confoundedly out at the elbows.
11	8	32	35	25	25	Well, replied I—What can't be
12	9	25	37	23	26	cur'd, must be endur'd:—to a
13	10	17	39	21	27	thinking mind it will appear
14	11	7	40	20	28	that life at the best is like my
15	10	55	42	18	29	parlour floor, full of ups and
16	11	39	44	16	30	downs.—All the ups that I can
17	o a	21	46	14		remember in it, said she, is the
18	1	1	48	12	2	little time we were in London,
19	1	41	49	11	3	we lived up four pair of stairs.—
20	2	21	51	9	4	I am thinking, said I, looking
21	3	2	53	7	5	more gravely than usual, I am
22	3	46	55	5	6	thinking of the road that leads to
23	4	34	57	3	7	death.—And pray now does it
24	5	26	59	1	8	lie through the shambles, replied
25	6	23	VII	9		she, because I am thinking what
26	7	24	2	58	10	we must raise to dinner to-mor-
27	8	27	4	56	11	row.—I answered, Take no
28	9	29	6	54	12	thought of to-morrow: a con-
29	10	29	8	52	13	tent mind is a continual feast.
30	11	26	10	50	14	—Yes, said she, with a little
31	morn	12	48	48	5	cabbage and bacon along with it.
	o	19	14	46	6	—Oh, says I, hunger is the best

## SEPTEMBER hath xxx Days.

			M	D	© Decl.	North.
Last Quarter	6				7	59
New moon	14	Day	6	6	6	7
First Quarter	22	at	4	45 min. Aft.	4	14
Full moon	28		9	23 min. Morn.	2	18
			11	46 min. Aft.	0	21
© enters <del>at</del> 22 day at 9h. 20m. Morn.			26		South.	

1	21	W	Giles			
2	22	Th				
3	23	F	London burnt 1666			
4	24	S				
5	25	C	13 Sun. aft. Trin.			
6	26	M	Jul. Cæſ landed 55			
7	27	Tu	Enurchus			
8	28	W	Nat. of V. Mary			
9	29	T				
10	30	F				
11	31	S				
12	Sep.	C	14 Sun. aft. Trin.			
13	2	M				
14	3	Tu	Holy Cross day			
15	4	W	Ember Week			
16	5	Th	Bloo. Bonner died			
17	6	F	Lambert (1569)			
18	7	S				
19	8	C	15 Sun. aft. Trin.			
20	9	M				
21	10	Tu	St. Matthew			
22	11	W	K. Geo. III. cro.			
23	12	Th				
24	13	F				
25	14	S				
26	15	C	16 Sun. aft. Trin.			
27	16	M				
28	17	Tu				
29	18	W	St. Michael			
30	19	Th	St. Jerome			

When Jolt and Damon, artless  
Went jogging side by side, [swains  
And sung their loves in simple  
As to thier cots they hied. [strains,

Alternately, but Damon first  
Of Lucy sung his strain ;  
And Jolt did next in rapture  
On Dolly of the plain. [burst,

## DAMON.

Lucy, the pride of all the plain,  
Poff'sd of every art ;  
With deep distress almost in twain  
Has rent my tender heart

## JOLT.

And Dolly does my heart so rend  
That by these shoes I tread on ;  
I last night bit my finger end,  
Not knowing what I fed on.

## DAMON.

What'er I do, where'er I walk,  
She still is all my theme ;  
Of Lucy is my daily talk,  
Of her my nightly dream.

## St. Cyprian.

Frs. Ch. Aug. Mat. born.

## Observations in SEPTEMBER.

Richard and Ralph together walking,  
About astrology were talking.  
Quoth Richard, can you find a thime for sextile? 'twill  
Quoth Ralph, and you may too, 'twixt this and th' next

M	D	Clock aft. Sun.
1	1	28
2	6	6
3	11	48
4	16	33
5	21	37
6	26	59

1	7	a	13	16	44	17	Nimrod
2	7	27	18	42	18	18	Oid Nul.
3	7	46	19	41	19	—	—
4	8.	8	21	39	20	—	—
5	8	40	23	37	21	He who has	Sum, Es, Fui.
6	9	21	25	35	22	what I have	Upon my foul (said I to myself) it is a most extreave fib- — Let me fee how it would
7	10	16	27	33	23	not,	lock upon a grave-tide, with a Death's head over it.
8	11	23	29	31	24	May now	—
9	morn	31	—	29	25	enjoy his	—
10	0	34	33	27	26	pipe and	—
11	1	45	35	25	27	pot.	—
12	2	59	37	23	28	Frowfy	Sum, Es, Fui.
13	4	7	39	21	29	Matt	—
14	D	sets.	41	19	N	Sennacherib	This now reminds me of my old favour te epitaph,
15	6	a	10	43	17	Who was	Remember man now passing by
16	6	22	45	15	3	he?	As thou art now, so once was I,
17	6	35	47	13	4	Pray ask	As I am now, so must thou be.
18	6	53	49	11	5	him, and	Prepare therefore to follow me.
19	7	16	51	9	6	don't ask me	—
20	7	50	53	7	7	—	—
21	8	40	54	6	8	Whit- tington	—
22	9	48	56	4	9	Tom	—
23	11	13	58	2	10	Lamb	—
24	morn	VI	VII	11	11	Dick Day	—
25	0	44	2	53	12	John Sly	—
26	2	20	4	56	13	Ralph	—
27	3	49	6	54	14	Rusty	—
28	D	rises.	8	52	15	—	—
29	5	a	42	10	50	16	—
30	5	58	12	48	17	—	—

Sum, Es, Fui.  
Upon my foul (said I to myself) it is a most extreave fib-  
— Let me fee how it would



lock upon a grave-tide, with a  
Death's head over it.

This now reminds me of my  
old favour te epitaph,  
Remember man now passing by  
As thou art now, so once was I,  
As I am now, so must thou be,  
Prepare therefore to follow me.

—

Whcever this lover of sim-  
plicity and truth was, he certainly  
strode the idea from my Sum, Es,  
Fui.

Rest happy shade, who in thy  
pilg image through this vale of  
sin and sorrow, compiled this  
short but pithy lesson for wan-  
dering travellers yet to come;  
who ha'e thus kindly left a me-  
mento for future ages in words  
plain and simple, yet strong and  
nervous, on a subject daily seen,  
but hourly forgot: while by thy  
direction every grinning scalp  
thus bespeaks the busy passenger,  
" As I am now, so must thou  
be.

OCTOBER hath XXXI Days.				M	D	© Decl. South
Last Quarter	6	Day	4 hours 38 min, Morn.	1	3	32
New Moon	14	at	8 49 min. Morn.	6	5	28
First Quarter	21		4 27 min. Aft.	11	7	22
Full Moon	28		10 27 min. Morn.	16	9	13
Comes the 22d day, 6 hours 25 min. Morn.				21	11	2
				26	12	46
1	20	F	Remigius Bp. Bishop	JOLT.		
2	21	S		When Dolly passes by with glee, Her looks there's so much good in,		
3	22	C	17 S. after Trinity	I'd leave my pudding her to see, As well as I love pudding.		
4	23	M	Gardiner Bp. Wor-	DAMON.		
5	24	Tu	(cetter died 1555)	In kind compassion to my cry, Ye Gods some pity take:		
6	25	W	Faith	Since for my dearest Lucy I My daily food forsake.		
7	26	Th		JOLT.		
8	27	F		Alas this head for Dolly sweet, My wit have so forsaken,		
9	28	S	St. Denys	That th' other day when beans I		
10	29	C	18 Sun. after Trin.	Ethelbert eat,		
11	30	M	Ox. and C. T. beg.	I quite forgot my bacon.		
12	Okt.	Tu		DAMON.		
13	2	W	Transf. of K. Ed. C.	An angel she, nor more nor less;		
14	3	Tb		Lucy was all divine:		
15	4	F		Her eyes were surely made to bles,		
16	5	S		Where e'er they deign'd to shine.		
17	6	C	19 Sun. after Trin.	Crispin		
18	7	M	St. Luke	JOLT.		
19	8	Tu		When Nature made my Dolly's		
20	9	W		The Graces all bespoke it. (molt)		
21	10	Th		She just call Doll, and then behold		
22	11	F		The spiteful devil broke it.		
23	12	S				
24	13	C	20 Sun. after Trin.			
25	14	M	K. Geo. III. Ac.			
26	15	Tu	K. Geo. III. Pr.			
27	16	W				
28	17	Th	St. Simon and Jude			
29	18	F				
30	19	S				
31	20	C	21 Sun. after Trin.			

Observations in OCTOBER.								M	D	Clock aft. Sun.
Again concludes the fleeting year,								1	10	37
To-morrow shews a new one here.—								6	12	6
Hold, Bob:—Your'e drunk:—'tis but October,								11	13	25
Why then I'll tell you when I'm sober.								16	14	31
								21	15	22
								26	15	57
1 6 a 18 14	46	18	46	18	Will.					
2 6 46 16	44	19	42	20	Newman					
3 7 24 18	40	21	38	22	T. Tow- fer					
4 8 16 20	36	23	36	23	Bob					
5 9 17 22	34	24	34	24	Blink					
6 10 29 24	32	25	32	25	Vulcan					
7 11 43 26	30	26	30	26	Old Peg					
8 morn 28	28	27	26	28	Lord					
9 0 59 30	27	28	24	29	Lacy					
10 2 9 32	26	27	24	29	Grinning					
11 3 18 34	25	26	22	30	Joe					
12 4 27 36	20	N	18	2						
13 5 38 38										
14 D sets 40										
15 5 a 5 42										
16 5 2 43										
17 6 45										
18 6 4 47										
19 7 4 49										
20 9 5 1										
21 10 2 53										
22 11 5 55										
23 morn 57										
24 1 25 59										
25 2 5 1 VII										
26 4 18 2										
27 5 46 4										
28 D rises 6										
29 4. a 50 8										
30 5 23 10										
31 6 10 12										

Let us next proceed to consider the above epitaph, together with my motto, in such a manner, as may conduce to future profit; notwithstanding the frailty of the human heart, or the folly of the author's head.

Sum, Es, Fui.

Now, said I, it would be butcherly to divide these three words into four parts.

Remember man, now passing by,  
As thou art now so once was I.

Here now comes in the Es; and the motto and the epitaph both join in this important question, What art thou? Art thou the child of health, the lover of mirth the favourer of frolic? So once was I. Does the glance of love, the flesh of fury, or the sweet serene look of complaisance sparkle in thy eye? So once look'd I; so once appear'd these now dim and hollow jockets. Active appear thy limbs, strong seems thy constitution; so once seemed mine. Art thou the child of calamity? Do disappointments thwart thy deepest designs; does affliction mar thy mirth, or losses unexpected spoil thy laughter? Just so was I, till death released my weary soul, and bowed my head in dust. Thus speaks that faithful monitor,—a dead man's skull.

NOVEMBER hath xxx Days.				M	D	© Decl. South.
Last Quarter 5		Day	0 hours 18 min. Morn.	1	14	44
New Moon 12			11 42 min. Aft.	6	16	17
First Quarter 20		at	0 6 min. Morn.	11	17	42
Fall Moon 26			11 20 Aft.	16	19	0
© enters 21st day 2 hours 36 min. Afterm.				21	20	9
				26	21	9
1 21	M	All Saints				
2 22	Tu	Prince Edward born				All Souls
3 23	W	Prs. Sophia born				DAMON.
4 24	Th					Oh when will life's sad scene be o'er,
5 25	F	Powder Plot				Leonard
6 26	S	Term begins				Duke of Cumb. born
7 27	C	22 Sun. after Trin.				And this heart cease its motion!
8 28	M	Prs. Au. Soph. bo.				JOLT.
9 29	Tu	Lord Mayor's Day				Go drink your mug, and thick no more,
10 30	W					For I could drink an ocean.
11 31	Th	St. Martin				DAMON.
12 Nov.	F					Alas! since all my joys are fled, For peace I vainly strive!
13 2	S	Britius				JOLT.
14 3	C	23 Sun. after Trin.				Why, what is lovely Lucy dead?
15 4	M	Machutus				DAMON!
16 5	Tu					As sure as you're alive.
17 6	W	Hugh Bp. of Lincoln				Her grave is dug; her knell is rung, She's in her winding sheet:
18 7	Th					Old Mart. Day
19 8	F					And the sad dirge for her they sung, Next meeting I'll repeat.
20 9	S	Edmund, K. & M.				Catharine
21 10	C	24 Sun. aft. Trin.				And now they part with aching head,
22 11	M	Cecilia				Each for his sweetheart sobbing;
23 12	Tu	St. Clement				Sad Damon to his sleepless bed,
24 13	W					And Jolt to supper Dobbin.
25 14	Th	Duke Glouc. bo.				
26 15	F					
27 16	S					
28 17	C	Advent Sunday				
29 18	M	Term ends				
30 19	T	St. Andrew				

Observations in NOVEMBER.								M	Clock
								D	aft. Sun.
Now Winter spreads his wide domains O'er meadows, gardens, woods and plains, While, pinch'd with cold, see Dolly blows Her fingers first, and then her nose.								1	16 15
								6	16 7
								11	15 38
								16	14 47
								21	13 36
								26	12 6
1 7 a 9 13	47	19	Medusa	As I am now, so must thou be.					
2 8 13 15	45	20	Dorinda	Here comes the consequential sum; and here follows the important question,					
3 9 29 17	43	21	Lucy	What am I?					
4 10 46 19	41	22	Lappit	A fool (answered my wife at some distance) for leaving the pigsty door unpegg'd, and now the pig is got out. Them, said I, let the sow drive it in again.					
5 11 55 21	39	23	Diomedes	And pray now, answered she, in what light do I appear a sow?					
6 morn 22	38	24	Mac-beth	—Only my dear, replied I, with the greatest degree of calmness, as I perceived she spoke with some share of warmth, only for marrying such a swine as I am.					
7 1 6 24	36	25	Susan	A soft answer turneth away wrath. She retreated with a smile of conviction, and I peacefully pursued my contemplations.					
8 2 15 26	34	26	Suck	What am I?					
9. 3 25 27	33	27	Jane	A Caput Mortuum.—A decay'd, unfurnish'd room, once stor'd with all that wild fancy could contrive, or deluded imagination collect; crowded continually with the various assemblage of fleeting ideas, which daily chang'd with the shifting scene, and are now for ever vanished.					
10 4 37 29	31	28	Muck	Here, no more delighted with flattering prospects, or disturbed by gloomy apprehensions, 'till the last morn appears sleep the once busy head in silence most profound.					
11 5 53 31	29	29	Jack						
12 D sets 32	28	29	Straw						
13 4 a 1 34	26	2							
14 4 43 35	25	3							
15 5 36 37	23	4							
16 6 49 38	22	5							
17 8 16 40	20	6							
18 9 43 41	19	7							
19 11 10 43	17	8							
20 morn 44	16	9							
21 0 35 46	14	10							
22 1 58 47	13	11							
23 3 23 48	12	12							
24 4 47 50	10	13							
25 6 10 51	9	14							
26 D rises 52	8	15							
27 3 a 55 53	7	16							
28 4 48 54	6	17							
29 5 53 55	4	18							
30 7 6 56	3	19	Joe Nailor						

## DECEMBER hath xxxi Days.

M	D	⊕ Decl. South
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Last Quarter	4	9 hrs. 52 Min. After.	1	21	58
New Moon	12	Day { 1 6 Min. After.	6	22	38
First Quarter	19	at { 8 2 Min. Morn.	11	23	6
Full Moon	26	2 46 Min. Aft.	16	23	23
enters ⊕ 21st day at 2 hours 53 min. morn			21	23	28
			26	23	21

1	20	W			
2	21	Th			
3	22	F	Porto Bello ta. 1739		
4	23	S	2 Sun. in Advent		
5	24	C			
6	25	M	Nicholas		
7	26	Tu			
8	27	W	Conception		
9	28	Th			
10	29	F	R. Mort. E. M. hang		
11	30	S	{ 1330.		
12	Dec.	C	3 Sun. in Advent		
13	1	M	Lucy		
14	2	Tu			
15	3	W	Ember Week		
16	4	Tb	Cam. Term ends		
17	5	F	Oxf. Term ends		
18	6	S			
19	7	C	4 Sun. in Advent		
20	8	M			
21	9	Tu	St. Thomas		
22	10	W			
23	11	Th	Capt. Death kill'd,		
24	12	F	(1755.)		
25	13	S	Christmas Day		
26	14	C	1 S. aft. Christ.		
27	15	M	St. John		
28	16	Tu	Holy Innocents		
29	17	W			
30	18	Th			
31	19	F	Silvester B. Rome		

## The D I R G E.

Weep, lovely virgins, weep,  
Round beauties clay cold bed;  
Look here and see what you must be;  
And mourn o'er Lucy dead.

Thou Sun about to shed  
The parting ray of light,  
Again shalt rise, but those bright  
eyes  
Are set in endless night.

Come swains and look your last;  
Think how your hopes are flown;  
While here below (ah sight of woe!)  
Lies Lucy, dead and gone.

Yet Hope (while thus we wail,)  
On high among the blest,  
Points out a scene of joys serene,  
And everlasting rest.

Shortest Day

Then cease the heaving sigh,  
And wipe the falling tear;  
See Lucy rise above the skies,  
And shine an angel there.

St. Stephen

## Observations in DECEMBER.

M	D	Clock aft. Sun
1	10	18
6	8	14
11	5	57
16	3	32
21	1	2
26		bef

Now tap the barrel, mend the fire,  
While flowing bowls your souls inspire;  
While mirth, while glee, with dainty fare,  
And Christmas gambols close the year.

1	8	a	19	58	2	20	Kidling	I perceive that Fui. Esse, and Futurus, will furnish us with sufficient matter of observation in our speculations yet to come. For the present, let us look with an eye of critical curiosity upon what now remains of this once tenanted ruin. Behold that
2	9	32	59		1	21	Kate.	
3	10	42	VIII	III	22		Noity	
4	11	48			23		Nell	
5	morn		I	59	24	Dumplin		
6	1	0	2	58	25	Dick		
7	2	12	3	57	26		Now's the	
8	3	25	4	56	27		time for	
9	4	41	4	56	28		maids to rise	
10	5	59	5	55	29	And clean		
11	7	23	5	55	N	heir house		
12	D	sets	6	54	1	and make		
13	4	a	25	54	2	their pies;		
14	5	48	7	53	3	But wipe		
15	7	16	7	53	4	your nose		
16	8	45	7	53	5	'ere you		
17	10	11	8	52	6	begin,		
18	11	35	8	52	7	And mind		
19	morn		8	52	8	that not a		
20	0	57	8	52	9	drop goes in		
21	2	20	8	52	10	Plumb		
22	3	44	8	52	11	Pudding		
23	5	7	8	52	12	Roast		
24	6	26	8	52	13	Beef		
25	7	32	7	53	14	Minc'd		
26	D	rifes	7	53	15	Pies		
27	4	a	35	53	16	Killing		
28	5	49	6	54	17	Ale		
29	7	3	6	54	18	and		
30	8	14	5	55	19	Cards		
31	9	23	5	55	20			

That grinning orifice was the  
lodging of loquacity, but the  
organ of speech is now in end-  
less silence—never more to bless  
its maker, or curse his image.

But see the new year hastening  
forward on wings of impatience;  
while the old one now soaring  
away to the realms of oblivion,  
in the language of the object of  
our sterner meditations, thus  
assumes it:

‘As I am now, so must thou be.’

## LAW TERMS, &amp;c.

Hilary Term begins January 23, ends February 12.

Returns or Esseign Days.	Ex.	Ret.	Ap.	W. D.
In eight Days of St. Hilary, - - -	Jan. 20	21	22	23 Friday
From the Day of St. Hilary in 15 Days,	27	28	29	30 Friday
On the Morrow of the Pur. Blessed Mary,	Feb. 3	4	5	6 Friday
In eight Days of the Pur. Blessed Mary,	9	10	11	12 Thur.

Easter Term begins April 28, ends May 24.

From the Day of Easter in 15 Days, - - -	Apr. 25	26	27	28 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 3 Weeks, - - -	May 2	3	4	5 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 1 Month, - - -	9	10	11	12 Wedn.
From the Day of Easter in 5 Weeks, - - -	16	17	18	19 Wedn.
On the Morrow of the Ascension, - - -	21	22	23	24 Mond.

Trinity Term begins June 11, ends June 30.

On the Morrow of the Holy Trinity, - - -	June 7	8	9	11 Friday
In eight Days of the Holy Trinity	13	14	15	16 Wedn.
From the Day of the Holy Trinity in 15 Days	20	21	22	23 Wedn.
From the Day of the Holy Trin. in 3 Weeks	27	28	29	30 Wedn.

Michaelmas Term begins Nov. 6, ends Nov. 29.

On the Morrow of All Souls - - -	Nov. 3	4	5	6 Satur.
On the Morrow of St. Martin - - -	12	13	14	15 Mond.
In eight Days of St. Martin - - -	18	19	20	22 Mond.
From the Day of St. Martin in fifteen Days	25	26	27	29 Mond.

*N. B.* No Sittings in *Westminster-baill* on Ascension-day, Midsummer-day, and the second of *February*.

The *Ex:chequer* opens eight Days before any Term, except Trinity; before which it opens but four Days.

*Note,* That the first and last Days every Term, are the first and last Days of Appearance.

If you a needy Wretch would frighten;  
 If you a heavy purse would lighten;  
 Or in your case there is a flaw,  
 To find it out;—why go to law.

# POOR ROBIN,

1784.

## PART THE SECOND.

Whose whole Contents you'll best discover  
By sitting down and looking over.

### Golden Number 18.—Epact 7.

## ASTRONOMICAL CHARACTERS,

PLANETS	SIGNS of the ZODIAC.
○ The Sun.	♈ Aries.
☽ The Moon.	♉ Taurus.
☿ Mercury.	♊ Gemini.
♀ Venus.	♋ Cancer.
♂ Mars.	♌ Leo.
♃ Jupiter.	♍ Virgo.
♄ Saturn.	♎ Libra.
♂ Ascending Nodes.	♏ Scorpio.
♃ Descending Node.	♐ Sagittarius.
♅ Conjunction.	♑ Capricorn.
♆ Opposition.	♒ Aquarius. ☹ Pisces.

## THE ANATOMY.



A Scheme on Rules of Art so deeply grounded,  
The more you look, the more you'll be confounded.

## The ECLIPSES in the Year 1784.

To tell how many there will be,  
 Perhaps would puzzle you and me ;  
 If we should take in those that wait  
 On Health, on Fortune, and Estate.  
 Where Miss—Miss who ?—Let d help my Head,  
 Mismanagement (I would have said)  
 Once gets the Lead, then Pox and Gout,  
 And Plagues within, and Plagues without,  
 And Poverty with tatter'd Garment,  
 And Lawyer's Letter full of Harm in't ;  
 With Draper's, Tailor's, Doctor's Bills,  
 For Clothing some, and some for Pills.  
 But you'd be dead, ere I before ye  
 Could lay down half the dismal Story ;  
 So, Reader, here I think it best  
 To cease my Rhime, so guess the Rest.

If my Judgment fails not, the First Eclipse will be the first Hour in the new Year ; when some poor Lass, having danced the old one out, to the great Detriment of her Health and her Shoe Heels, and inspired with Love, inflamed with Liquor, at the same Time deluded with lying Promises from a false Deceiver, shall in the Fullness of her Heart at an unguarded Moment give up her Maidenhead ; by which Means, although her Honesty may be unimpeached, yet her Honour will be eclipsed during Life, so true are the Words of the Poet :

“ Women, their Honour gone, their Fate deplore,  
 “ And set like Stars that fall to rise no more.”

The Second will probably be about two or three Hours later, when the Senses of the Bacchanalian Revellers, by too largely imbibing what when taken in Moderation inspires the Fancy, and improves the mental Faculties, shall be so totally eclipsed, that Mirth shall give Way to Madness, Friendship to Fighting, and Blast your Eyes shall drive Bless your Soul quite out of the Company.

But mind this Hint, where Riot reels  
 Repentance follows at his Heels.

The Third.—But to enumerate the Whole would far exceed the Pages allotted for this Performance ; I will, therefore, at this Time (leaving the rest) follow my blessed Guide, the divine Astraea, to the Heavens, and see what Eclipses I can find out there.

## Of the ECLIPSES of the Sun and Moon.

That there are Four you need not doubt,  
 The Times I'll lay before ye ;  
 But how I did to find it out,  
 Why that's another Story.

The First will be an Eclipse of the Sun on Friday, the Twentieth of February, near half past eight at Night ; or, to speak in the Language of Star-mongers, at 8 Hours, 25 Min. P. M. but as the Sun sets that Day at a little past five, it is a Crown to a Crab's Claw whether we in England shall perceive any Thing of it, but the Cuckolds in South America may see it at Cape Horn.

The Second, which will be visible to all who shall be able to see it, will be on Sunday, the Tenth Day of March, in the Morning ; and, to satisfy all his Majesty's loyal Subjects in North and South Britain, take the following Calculation :

	London.	Edinburgh.	
	H. M.	H. M.	
Beginning	2 16	2 3	Morn.
Middle	3 28	3 15	Apparent Digits ec. $4^{\circ}36'$ .
End	4 39	4 26	Time.

This Eclipse will be visible to most Parts of Europe and Africa, and to the Whole of that great Continent of North and South America.

Of this Eclipse I'll read no Lecture,  
 And so, I pray, let every thinking Man  
 Most freely pass his own Conjecture,  
 Some as they please, and others how they can.

The Third is an Eclipse of the Sun on Sunday, August the Fifteenth. It will be a very great annular Eclipse in the North-East Parts of Asia, and North-West Parts of North America.

The Fourth and last, is a partial Eclipse of the Moon. It will happen on Monday, the Thirtieth of August, but will be invisible to the Inhabitants of our great Metropolis, as the Eclipse will be over at seven Minutes past four o'Clock in the Afternoon ; Digits darkened at the Middle of the Eclipse, will be eight on the Moon's lower Limb ; it will, however, be visible to the whole Continent of Asia, and the End will extend itself as far as the Island of Madagascar, and the Eastern Parts of the African Continent. It will be fatal to all the Counties in Cuckoldom, as the Moon will then be vertical to Cape False.

*The surprizing Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.*

## C H A P T E R. VI. Continued.

I Finished (if I remember aright) my last with the Witch's first Speech to the Triumviri of Illiterari.—Next comes :

Death and Hell and Desolation,  
What a Scene of sore Vexation ;  
Scenes of Sorrows, Scenes of Trouble,  
Plagues increase, and Torments double.  
Stings that make a Mortal madder  
Than Sting of Hornet, Scorpion, Adder.  
Think direful Poison now you swallow ;  
Think then in Hell-broth now you'll wallow :  
Or dream your Wife's alive, yet worse  
Is now the Plague, is now the Curse.

But, I think, by the Way of Novelty, a little Blank Verse would come in very well here—For a Change, let us try.

Kind hearted Nymphs, and eke ye gentle Swains,  
Lament the Case of Beetle—Blunder—Clod.  
Oh ! sweetly swell the Snow-white panting Breast,  
And softly, gently breathe the heaving Sigh ;  
Matrons or Maids, or manly Youth in Bloom,  
Oh ! kindly aid me with a direful Dirge.  
Come, creeping wrinkled Age, with hobbling Crutch,  
And weep, and groan, and howl along with me.  
Hence, Mirth, with all thy vain and sportive Tales ;  
Mad Laughter, hence, with all thy idle Jokes.—  
But, come—deep moping Melancholy, come,  
Musing, with Visage long and gravy Eyes,  
And—

If this be not Blank Verse, I never wrote Blank Verse in my Life.—Milton once attempted such a Thing ; but he, alas ! (poor Man) quite missed his Mark.—It is true, that he once wrote a Poem containing even twelve Books, without one single Rhime ; but then he filled it so up with Sense, Sublimity, Learning, and Sentiment, that there was not a single Blank through the whole Performance. Whereas, if you search in the above-written for Sensibility, Learning, Sublimity, Rhime or Reason, Wit or Sentiment, you may poke and pore till you are as blind as a Beetle, and as grey as a Badger ; but, hang me, or (as I would rather chuse) hang my Wife, if you don't at laist find it all a Blank ; and, was it not for Measure, it would not be a Jot superior to modern Prose.

And here, gentle Reader, for your Improvement in this profound Art, while you have a Model before you, I have just left four Lines to try your Hand in.

But, pray, my good Sir (says Miss Phoebe Pry) why this Digression, at a Time when you expressed the greatest Distress?—Why, Madam, in a Case like this, there is the more Reason for a Digression, were it only to relax my troubled Spirits. As every Day brings its Troubles, so every Day shews the Necessity of such a Thing. What is getting drunk, but a Digression from the stinted Rules of Sobriety? Or what is keeping sober, but a dry Walk out of the common Road of deep drinking? In short, human Life (if you narrowly inspect it) is nothing else but one continued Chain of Digressions. When we spring from the Womb, we make a Digression from still Life to active; and when we walk into the Grave, we digress again from Activity to a silent Stillness: And, indeed, so fond am I of Digressions, that, if they lie in my Way, I naturally stumble over them.—If not—I look around to the Right and the Left, till I can happily find one.

Alas! who would bear the Burden of Troubles and Infirmities incident to human Nature; dragging them through a tedious Life, like a Packhorse in a dirty Lane; were it not that ever and anon there opens a pleasing Avenue for a Child of Genius to make a short Excursion out of?—He there, for a while happily digressing out of the beaten Path, amuses himself with all the Variety the Scene will admit; then slips again into the common Road, and amuses his fellow Travellers with a Recital of the wonderful Prospects he has seen in the delightful Walks of Digression.

Blessed Digression! I bid thee, like a Goddess, all Hail.—Oh, when shall I see the Day wherein the Children of Fancy shall sing *Ave Digressio* with the same heart-felt Enthusiasm as the Devotees of Rome sing *Ave Maria*?—The ancient Romans had Gods and Goddesses for most *Things*, down from Juno, the Queen of Heaven, to Cloacina, the Goddess of the Closestool; but the Deification of thee was left to thy silent Admirer, Poor Robin, Knight of the Burnt Island: Propitious mayest thou be to his ardent Request; *ob!* many a future Page mayest thou fill up for thy humble Supplicant.

And now, gentle Reader, I beg Leave to continue my Story of the Witch of the Woodlands; not in a zigzag Manner, as if I had all my Life been a Fabricator of Cabbage-Nets, but in a direct Line, as straight as a May-Pole.

*The surprising Story of the WITCH of the WOODLANDS.*

## CHAPTER VII.

THE Witch, after repeating the Charm, the Verse, or Incantation, or by whatever Name you please to call it, advancing to the Middle of the Room, gently pointed her Wand to the Candle, which as yet hung at the Top of the Ceiling ; it gradually descended, till taking it in her Hand, she set it upon a Table which stood covered upon her Right Hand with a black Cloth, in the Middle of which stood a magical Machine, the Name of which they did not know.—On the one Side (for the Table was a long one) stood a Pair of Globes ; on the other was placed an Armillary Sphere, and by the Side of that a Reflecting Telescope, which Blunder (rather mistaking the Matter) asked the Use of ; and to which Beetle right wisely replied, that he apprehended it to be a diabolical Gun, filled with sympathetic Witch Powder, to blow out the Brains of the first Person who should disturb her in her nocturnal Operations.—Behind the Table was a Space for the Witch, when she pleased to be in ; and lastly, against the Wall were Shelves loaded with Books of ancient Date, and Bottles and Gallypots filled, undoubtedly, with noxious Poisons, collected at Planetary Hours from baleful Plants. The Wall was either painted or covered with a sable Hue ; and in the Middle stood a Death's-Head, crowned with Laurels, supported by two Thigh Bones.

She then turning her Face to the Left, spoke thus :  
Mocane, here—reach me a Chair.

Immediately a two-armed Chair came tumbling down the Stairs, a Knob of which hit Blunder over the Head ; at the same Time, one of the Feet grazing upon Clod's Shin, set him for the first Time a praving ; and for which Beetle reprehended him, telling him that it was (in his Opinion) as bad to pray upon a Witch's Premises, as it would be to swear in a Church. He then ordered Blunder to hand her Ladyship the Chair ; Blunder very modestly excused himself by observing, that he humbly apprehended no one under the Dignity of an Esquire might with Safety presume to do himself that Honour.—He then nodded at Clod ; but Clod had (expecting as much) very sagaciously shut his Eyes ; and when Beetle asked the Reason—he told him he had got the Ear-ache in them.—Beetle then stooping down, took hold of it himself, but unfortunately, as he was lifting it up, he run a rusty old Nail which stuck beside the lower Step into his Knuckle ; this he imagined to be no less than the Sting of some Reptile, for he had not yet got Clod's Serpent out of his Head ; he, however, twitching his Arm away in a Hurry, away flew the Chair into the Middle of the Room, which the Witch received, and seating herself therein, fell backwards into it, with her

her Eyes fixed, her Fists clenched, and her whole Body as stiff as what Susan throws out of the Jordan, after it has endured the Inclemencies of a frosty Night.—Fetch some Water, said Beetle.—I do not know where there is any, replied Blunder.—I am making some, says Clod, if you can but find a Pot.

She, however, in a short Time awoke from her Trance, and after having cast a ghastly Look around, thrice she shaked her Head; three Times she struck her Magic Wand against the Ground, and then she thus addressed her trembling Audience.

All three—Lift to me.

She further added,

Attend now with Care

Thou Lord of the good Lands,  
To what thou shalt hear  
From the Witch of the Woodlands.

She then proceeded thus,

Lapland was my Native Place,  
Thence my Origin I trace;  
There Sister Witches did impart  
Unto me the Magic Art;  
There I learn'd by various Charms  
To forward, or to hinder Harms;  
To be to Sailors rough or kind,  
How to raise or calm a Wind;  
To make the raging Ocean roar,  
While foaming Billows lash the Shore.  
While Thunders roll, and Lightning flashes,  
Consuming Cottages to Ashes;  
While we aloft on Broomstaffs striding,  
Or in a Sieve securely riding;  
O'er the rude Heath while Heavens do scoul,  
And Tempests make the Deserts howl;  
While lofty Trees by Winds up torn  
Upon their Wings full far are born,  
When anon perchance they fall  
'Gainst Infant crouching near the Wall;  
Then in Silence most profound,  
As they're spinning from the Wound,  
(Dropping sudden from on high,  
Through the Regions of the Sky,) We with Caution catch his Brains,  
Which well reward our Care and Pains;  
And mingled with a Tiger's Blood,  
Makes a potent Charm, and good.

The Effect which this Speech had upon Beetle in his future Life and Behaviour, will (if I guess aright) be seen in the Ninety-seventh Chapter of this delectable History; where I shall shew how Beetle, studying Divinity, commenced a Conjurer; how Blunder was miraculously transformed into a Methodist Parson, and Clod was married to a Justice of the Peace.

Suffice it to say here, that the Witch then charged them, while the Incantations, and all other the Magical Ceremonies of that solemn Night were performing, that they should say nothing but what they spoke in Rhyme.

Must we speak Sense too? said Blunder.—No further (quoth she) than your Abilities will reach.—That is right (replied Clod) for we have brought none with us; and if we have left any at Home, I am sure not a Soul of us knows where to find it.—She then continued thus.

For your Sake, said she (looking earnestly on Beetle) I have employed this Night seven foul Fiends, eighteen Imps, and one Ghost; beside Mad Tom, a sublunary Being under my Command, who is necessary for conducting Hillario in, as soon as a Lapland Sister, whom I have gotten this Night to assist me, shall by her Powers in Necromancy have brought him through the Air to the Gate of my Mansion; which will be by what Time the Owl has given the third Scream, and the Village Clock has struck twelve.

Beetle, who at this Time wished his Mother at the Devil for bringing him into this World of Troubles, here spoke.

And pray, said Beetle in a hurry, what is he to do here?

The Witch starting up suddenly, and waving her Wand over their Heads, hastily replied,

Son of Ignorance, avaft;  
Say no more—or speak thy laft.

Now stood Beetle and Blunder motionless as Statues.—Clod did the very Reverse, for he shook in every Limb; while the Witch standing erect before them, and three Times striking her Wand upon the Ground, spoke as follows:

Thou, O Man, my Skill shalt boast  
When from the Shades I raise a Ghost:  
And such a one I'll this Night raise,  
Shall make thee during Life to praise  
My potent Art, and hence declare  
My Powers with the Prince o'th' Air:  
Thy Foe, Hillario, shall be carried  
To this same Spot, and here be married.  
A Maid who for Hillario dy'd,  
This same Night shall be his Bride;

She

She for him resign'd her Breath  
 By a cold and wat'ry Death :  
 Her he ruin'd Life and Limb,  
 She this Night shall ruin him.  
 To Lakes of burning Fire below  
 He this very Night shall go.  
 He who did the cruel Deed  
 Shall hither be convey'd with Speed ;  
 Tho' full sore against his Will—  
 She this Night shall have him still.  
 Then she o'er her new-gain'd Prize  
 Evermore shall tyrannise ;  
 And further to secure her lawful Prey,  
 You, Beetle, here shall give the Rogue away.

Beetle, upon hearing this, with Hope and Fear, both of which were well expressed in his Countenance, “ Grinn'd horribly a ‘ghastly Smile.’”—(I thank you, Mr. Milton ; that Line is so very expressive, and suits my Purpose so extremely well, that I cannot forbear repeating it.)—Now, said Beetle, rubbing his Hands together charily, while he grinn'd horribly a ghastly Smile, I think, said he, that Things go well.

Aye, said Blunder, scratching his left Eye-brow as he spoke, and remembering the Witch's Injunctions ;—Yes, Sir, said he, there'll be warm Doings in Hell.

But now, says the Witch, methinks it is Time  
 To ask you some Questions, and see how you'll rhyme.

So turning to the Esquire, says she—Can you make Rhymes ?

Beetle, making three reverend Bows, replied—Yes, sometimes.

Well, next said she—Can you rhyme, Blunder ?

Blunder made thirty Bows before he could hit upon one ; at last, said he—If I do, it's a Wonder.

She next asked Clod, if he could rhyme ?—Clod fell a clawing his Posteriors, and opening his Mouth, he turned himself East, West, North, and South, but the Devil a Rhyme could be raise out of any Quarter.—She said again—Can you rhyme, Clod ?—He very bluntly answered—No, by —.

Well, said she—but speak your Words without mouthing.

Now were they all three at a Stand ; but while they stood looking wishfully upon each other, a lucky Thought popp'd into Beetle's Head.—So pulling a Book immediately out of his Pocket, Madam, said he—here is

## A TABLE of the MOON's SOUTHING.

1784.

Days.	Jan. H. M.	Feb. H. M.	March. H. M.	April. H. M.	May. H. M.	June. H. M.	Days.
1	7 A. 24	8 A. 30	8 A. 8	9 A. 15	9 A. 20	10 A. 17	1
2	8 11	9 21	8 57	9 58	10 4	11 15	2
3	9 0	10 12	9 44	10 39	10 49	Morn.	3
4	9 51	11 0	10 29	11 20	11 39	0 16	4
5	10 42	11 45	11 11	Morn.	Morn.	1 21	5
6	11 33	Morn.	11 52	0 4	0 33	2 25	6
7	Morn.	0 28	Morn.	0 52	1 31	3 25	7
8	0 23	1 10	0 33	1 42	2 33	4 20	8
9	1 9	1 50	1 15	2 36	3 36	5 12	9
10	1 54	2 32	1 59	3 35	4 37	6 0	10
11	2 36	3 13	2 47	4 37	5 34	6 46	11
12	3 16	3 58	3 38	5 38	6 28	7 32	12
13	3 56	4 45	4 33	6 38	7 17	8 19	13
14	4 37	5 37	5 33	7 34	8 5	9 8	14
15	5 19	6 34	6 34	8 26	8 51	9 59	15
16	6 6	7 36	7 37	9 16	9 37	10 51	16
17	6 55	8 40	8 36	10 4	10 26	11 45	17
18	7 51	9 44	9 33	10 52	11 16	0 A. 38	18
19	8 52	10 45	10 26	11 41	0 A. 9	1 29	19
20	9 59	11 43	11 17	0 A. 31	1 3	2 17	20
21	11 5	0 A. 36	0 A. 6	1 23	1 57	3 2	21
22	0 A. 9	1 25	0 56	2 17	2 50	3 45	22
23	1 8	2 13	1 46	3 11	3 40	4 25	23
24	2 2	3 1	2 36	4 6	4 27	5 5	24
25	2 51	3 50	3 28	4 58	5 11	5 44	25
26	3 38	4 40	4 22	5 46	5 53	6 26	26
27	4 24	5 32	5 15	6 32	6 34	7 10	27
28	5 11	6 25	6 8	7 16	7 14	7 59	28
29	5 58	7 18	6 59	7 57	7 55	8 52	29
30	6 47		7 47	8 39	8 36	9 51	30
31	7 38		8 33	9 26			31

G.

## A TABLE of the MOON's SOUTHING.

1784.

June. M. Days.	July. H. M.	August. H. M.	Sept. H. M.	Oct. H. M.	Nov. H. M.	Dec. H. M.
17	10A.56	Morn.	1M.10	1M.40	3M.13	3M.33
15	2 Morn.	0 43	2 2	2 34	4 7	4 19
rn.	3 0 0	1 37	2 53	3 28	4 59	5 2
16	4 1 5	2 28	3 45	4 25	5 47	5 42
21	5 2 4	3 17	4 37	5 21	6 32	6 22
25	6 2 59	4 6	5 32	6 13	7 14	7 2
25	7 3 50	4 55	6 27	7 2	7 54	7 42
20	8 4 38	5 46	7 20	7 50	8 34	8 24
12	9 5 24	6 38	8 11	8 33	9 15	9 10
0	10 6 11	7 32	8 59	9 14	9 56	10 1
46	11 7 0	8 25	9 45	9 55	10 40	10 56
32	12 7 50	9 17	10 27	10 35	11 29	11 55
19	13 8 42	10 7	11 8	11 16	oA.22	oA.58
8	14 9 35	10 55	11 49	11 59	1 19	1 58
59	15 10 28	11 39	oA.29	oA.45	2 19	2 56
51	16 11 20	oA.21	1 10	1 35	3 19	3 50
45	17 oA. 9	1 1	1 54	2 29	4 17	4 41
38	18 0 55	1 41	2 40	3 27	5 12	5 29
29	19 1 39	2 21	3 31	4 26	6 4	6 16
17	20 2 20	3 2	4 26	5 24	6 54	7 3
2	21 2 59	3 46	5 25	6 22	7 43	7 51
15	22 3 38	4 34	6 24	7 17	8 30	8 42
25	23 4 19	5 26	7 24	8 10	9 18	9 36
5	24 5 1	6 23	8 23	9 0	10 9	10 32
4	25 5 47	7 24	9 19	9 49	11 2	11 27
6	26 6 37	8 27	10 13	10 39	11 57	Morn.
0	27 7 32	9 29	11 5	11 30	Morn.	o 21
9	28 8 33	10 29	11 56	Morn.	o 54	1 12
2	29 9 37	11 26	Morn.	o 24	1 50	2 0
1	30 10 41	Morn.	o 47	1 19	2 43	2 44
31	11 44	o 19	2 16	3	3 25	

You see, said Blunder, my Master has Wit when he chuses it  
Oh yes, said Clod—But he very seldom uses it.

Come, says the Witch—so far 'tis very well,  
But now, ere I begin my Midnight Spell—

She was going on, when fierce Lightning blazed in at the Window, and hoarse Thunder rolled above them.—This was attended by a frightful Noise—when the Witch starting, spoke as follows :

Howl! howl! howl!

Three Howls, and a Peal of Thunder,  
Lightning Flashes—who comes yonder?  
Yonder (if I'm not mistaken)  
Comes the Ghost of Friar Bacon,  
With a long black Beard, bald Head, Ferret's Eyes, and a  
Pig's Snout.—

Says Blunder—Mercy on us!—I wish I was out.  
The Witch thus continued,

So ho, so ho—The sooner you come, the sooner you'll go.  
Stand at the Door—while I call more.

This was immediately followed by the Noise of somewhat stamping round the House; to which she cried, while Chains most horribly rattled,

Pod Thump; Pod Thump;  
With a round Head, and a rough Rump,  
Heavy Heels, and a high Hump.  
Come, Barquent, come along;  
I know thee among the Throng,  
By thy dismal rattling Noise—  
Terror thou of Girls and Boys,  
Come thou ugly, frightful Spright,  
Do thy Duty here To-night.

Do you keep Guard  
Around the Yard.

Silence ensued—when the Witch recollecting herself, and turning to Clod—Do you (said she) remember what I said?

Yes (said Clod) and I had a Rhyme to it, but you have frightened it out of my Head.

The Witch replied,

My Wish is now, ere I my Charms rehearse,  
Further to try how you can speak in Verse.

She then asked them a Question.—Beetle pondered it over, but could make nothing at all of it.—It was to Clod like a negative Quantity in Algebra: He made a plaguy deal less than nothing of it.—Beetle nodded at Blunder.—Blunder, after deeply considering the Matter, spoke thus :

Why, look ye here—I've no Pretence  
To find at once both Rhyme and Sense.

Help me out, Clod—this Question's very hard.  
I had rather (said Clod) that Friar Bacon would help Bar-  
quent out of the Yard.

Is that the Case (says Blunder,—well, why then  
I must get your Devilship to ask me over agen.

After some Time the Witch repeated her Sentence, which  
related to Hillario; whom her Lapland Sister was that Night  
to convey thither upon a Broomstaff.—It ran thus.

To see a Man ride through the Air,  
O'er River, Hill, or Mead—

To which Blunder replied,

Or to see a Cow bulling a Bear,  
Is strange News indeed.

Blunder silently waited the Witch's Answer.—She had but  
just Time to say,

Enough, enough—of this vile Stuff,

When such a dismal Chorus of Howls, Schriebes, Sighs, and  
Groans were heard around the House, as almost petrified the  
wise Assembly; which the Witch perceiving, said,

What, are ye frightened?—speak, and don't dissemble.

No (replied Clod)—but I hope you'll give us Leave to tremble.

The Witch then hastening behind the Table, and hastily snatching  
the Telescope, turning it towards the Window, said thus:

'Brown and white, and black and blue,  
Ghosts and Fiends of ev'ry Hue;  
Helter skelter, look you how  
We have them all about us now,  
Pawaw, pawaw.

Grisly Goblin come along,  
Head of all the frightful Throng;  
Quickly speed, make no Delay,  
Goblin ghastly come away.

A Friend of mine, and a Servant of thine,  
Implores thy kind Assistance:  
Quoth Beetle—then may I ask Leave to pray  
That it may be at twenty Miles Distance.  
A Plague consume my foolish Head,  
I wish that I was safe in Bed.

The Witch went on thus—Yell, yell, yell;

Newly broken out of Hell,  
Comes a Fury stretching wide,  
Forty Furlongs at a Stride;  
Bellowing ev'ry Step he takes,  
Rends the Sky, while Ocean quakes;  
Ruins Cities at a Stroke,  
Vomits Fire, and belches Smoak:  
All the other Furies fear him—  
(Quoth Beetle, by the Blood I hear him.)

Great Head, and Body spare ;  
 Mouth stretch'd from Ear to Ear.  
 Belly all o'ergrown with Scales,  
 Dragon's Feet, with Harpies Nails.

She then to the flitting Spirits thus address'd herself :  
 Though Hall or Castle I have not,  
 Welcome to my humble Cot ;  
 Welcome to my Mansion small ;  
 Welcome one, and welcome all.  
 I've no Lands to leave behind,  
 Lusty Lad, nor Daughter kind :  
 I've no Beauty, Youth, or Health,  
 Nor no Heaps of hoarded Wealth :  
 But wrinkled Age, and foul Disgrace,  
 Shame and Want supply their Place.  
 I've no Friend to go and see,  
 None I love, and none loves me :  
 None to help a Wretch so kind,  
 Almost lame, and almost blind.  
 Not a Soul that wills me well ;  
 None that I wish out of Hell.  
 Nought to do from Day to Day,  
 But say my Pray'rs the backward Way ;  
 Mumbling Curles 'twixt my Jaws ;  
 Stumbling oft at crostèd Straws.  
 Or, by Brink of pois'rous Wells,  
 Picking noxious Herbs for Spells.  
 Else, by Gates at Ends of Towns,  
 Begging Pins of silly Clowns ;  
 For which Favour long I court,  
 Afterward bestride them for't.  
 Tell me, tell me, all ye Hosts  
 Of Goblins grim, and grisly Ghosts ;  
 Tell me if Deformity  
 Fitteth well your Company ;  
 Meagre Looks, and hollow Eyes,  
 Furrow'd Face, and foul Disguise ;  
 And admit me of your Crew,  
 To hobble and gobble, and stumble and grumble,  
 To shriek and howl, and grunt and growl,  
 Grisly Ghosts, along with you.

Now, it is wonderful hard, and plaguy provoking, that the Genius of any Man should be cramped down to just three Sheen of Paper.—When I was got into the very Marrow of the Matter, and scribbling away as if I wrote more for Profit than Fame, which by the bye is either the Truth, or very much like the

Truth

Truth ; behold, at my Elbow stood my dear Rib, alias my spare Rib.—Do you remember (said she) that you have bat two Pages to cram the four Seasons into ?—Why now (said I) this is a lamentable Case, and like a Bullet, or a Bullock's Liver, hard to be digested.—“ ‘Tis true ‘tis Pity, and Pity ‘tis, ‘tis true.”—Well, my good Masters,

This Witch's Tale ; what shall we say about it ?

Why—If you can't have it, you must go without it.

I was going on, you see, in a direct Path, and galloping away at a surprising Rate when my dear Lady stopp'd my Career with the above Reflection.

Well, said I, what can't be cur'd must be endur'd ; and he who can't be served to Day must wait till To-morrow.—Time and Tide stay for no Man ; so what this Year fails in, the next must make out.—If it please the Fates to furnish me with Life that is long, and Liquor that's strong, I hope to tell my Tale out yet. I hope, too, when my kind Customers have read my this Year's Productions carefully and diligently over, they will not think their Nine-pence mispent.—The Calendar we will rate at Six-pence ; now if you can glean out of the whole but one single Pennyworth of solid Sense, that makes Seven-pence of your Money ; then as Times go, there is but very little Wit to be had for Two-pence :—So that he who can pick Six-pennyworth of Improvement out of the Prose and Poetry, taking it altogether, may be said to be as good as Three-pence into Pocket.

So since the Matter's so ordain'd,  
And ancient Custom long maintain'd,  
This stated Rule, with many others,  
That yearly we Diarian Brothers,  
And ev'ry Fool, and ev'ry wise one,  
That makes an Almanack, or buys one ;  
Must yearly treat about the Seasons,  
Tho' none alive can give their Reasons.

Suffice it here to tell in honest Prose, that Time flows swiftly along, a Dissertation upon which will be given, and the Affair learnedly discussed, when I publish my new Theory of Fluxions ; And then, Master Reviewer in the Mathematical Department, there will be somewhat for you to look at.—But a Work of this Nature requires a Mind at Ease, like that of a Clergyman leaving off Business, and retiring to a Bishoprick.

But now for the Seasons.—There is Thing rhymes to Spring, and Splinter will do very well against Winter : But as to Summer and Autumn, it will require a better Head than mine to find a Rhyme to them ; and so I believe I must order the Matter, Part in Verse, and Part in Prose.

## S P R I N G

Now, as old Time, like a Woman's Tongue, is incessantly moving ; the teeming Earth can no more retain its Flowers than a laughing Maiden can her Water. Plenty descends in the Shape of Showers, and a new World seems to be hatched out of the Shell of the old one.

And while the brilliant God of Day  
O'er Northern Signs pursues his Way ;  
Melodious Songsters charm the Groves,  
And harmless Virgins sing their Loves.

## S U M M E R.

Now, Lasses, ere you sleep, say your Prayers and search your Smocks ; so shall your Souls be free from Trouble, and your Beds from Fleas. Now, Love and Lamb, and Gooseberry Sauce, and begetting of Children, are all in high Vogue. Although the latter is never out of Fashion, for this Reason—the Women in Winter love to do something that will warm them ; and when scorching Summer throws them on their Backs, they hate to lie idle.

Now though small Beer may have its Merits,  
Yet stronger cheareth most the Spirits.

## A U T U M N.

This Quarter follows the other as close as a Woman does her Husband when she suspects he is going to a Bawdy-House. It begins when the Fruits of the Earth are ripe, and ends when they are all got in. Hanging is now about in Fashion ; but it is a Death much to be avoided, as it for ever spoils a Man's drinking.

Then, Tyros, take a Friend's Advice,  
Nor cut the Cards, nor shake the Dice ;  
Fond Youth by these are oft undone,  
And Tyburn ends what Game begun.

## W I N T E R.

This Season brings its Delights, yet is not without its perplexities. A brisk Fire and plentiful Table are now pleasing Spectacles ; but an empty Cupboard and low Coalheap, Sights of Sorrow. Few People can now afford to eat Candles, they burn so many : so the better Sort content themselves with Oysters. At this Juncture of Time, Colds like Death are common to all ; and he who was of no Religion before, now turns Quaker. Now to conclude the Year with that most cordial Comforter, a self-applauding Conscience,

Let Charity stretch forth her Hand,  
And spread her Blessings round the Land :  
So may the Gods increase your Store,  
And bless the Souls who bless the Poor.

F I N I S.